VOL. CCVIII, No. 2718

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THE SPHERE, MARCH 15, 1952
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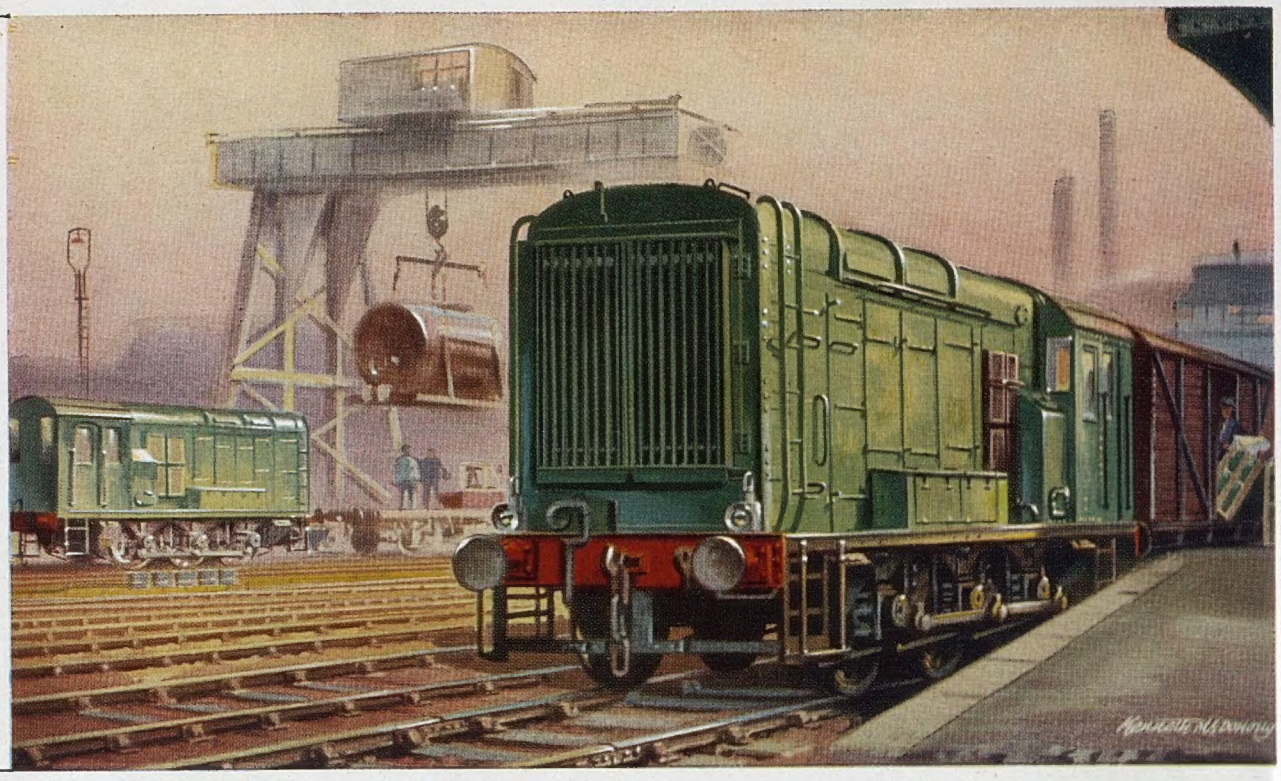

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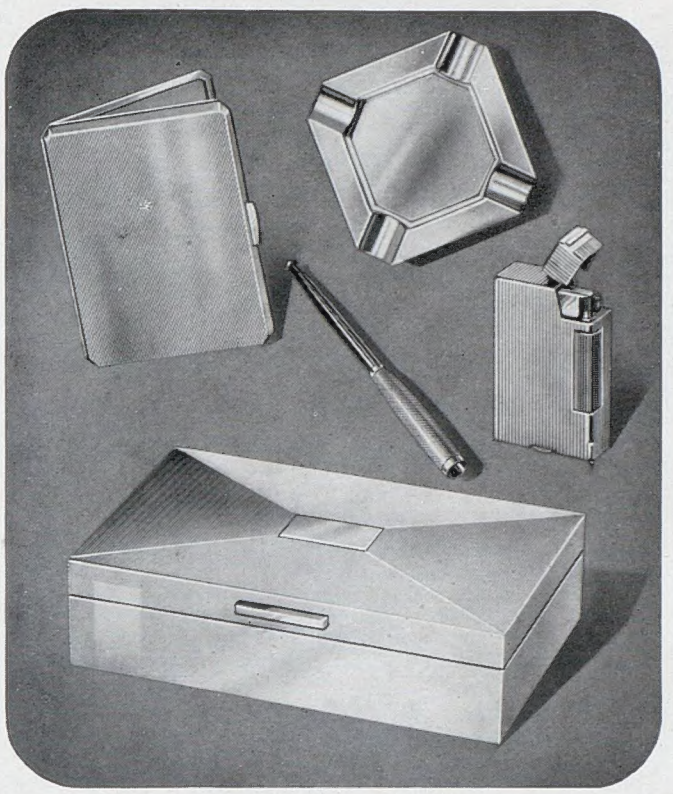

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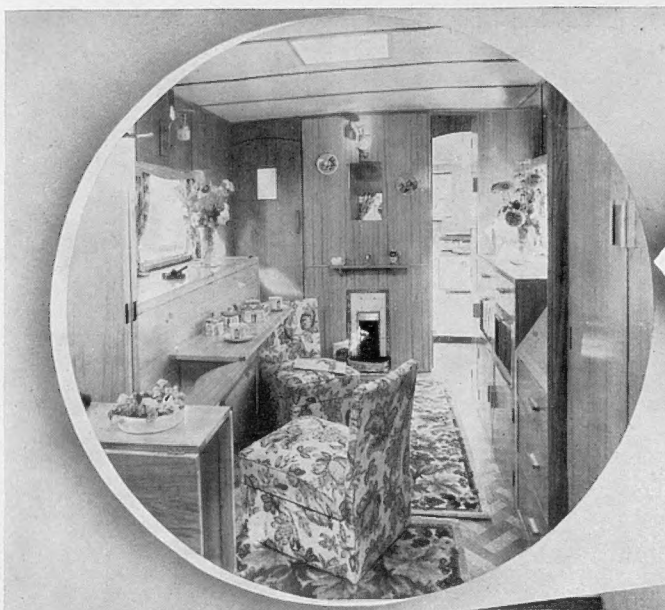

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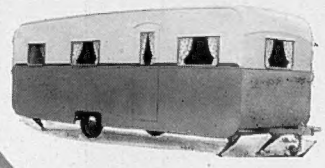

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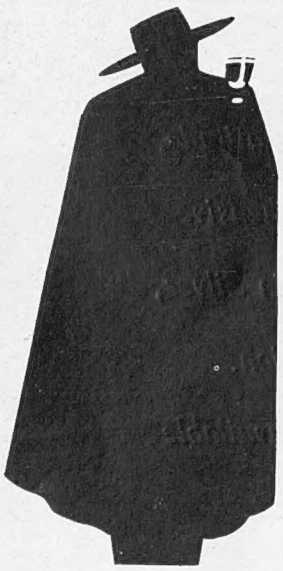
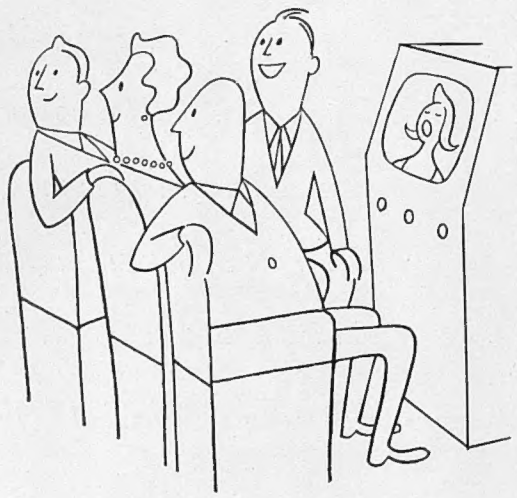


"Look who's here!"



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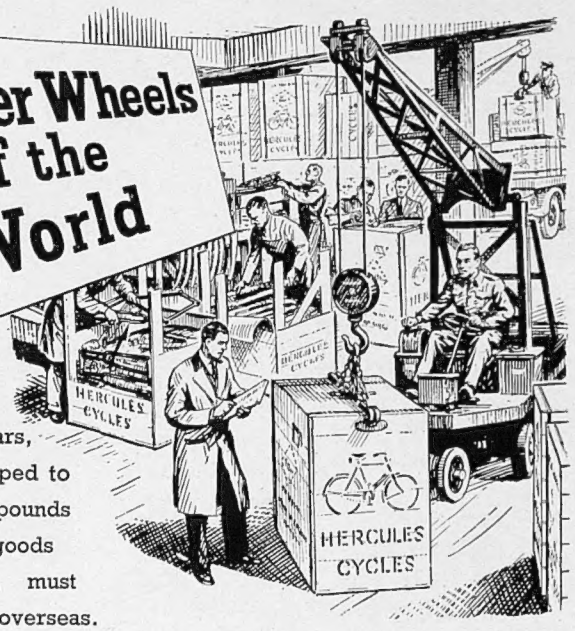

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Volume CCVIII No. 2718

The SPHERE, London, March 15, 1952

The SPHERE

with which is incorporated THE GRAPHIC

A SWORD FOR EISENHOWER—THE SUPREME COMMANDER IN EUROPE INSPECTING THE SWORD WHICH WAS PRESENTED TO HIM AT A LUNCHEON AT THE MILITARY CADET SCHOOL IN ATHENS; BESIDE HIM SITS KING PAUL OF THE HELLENES: While General Eisenhower has been on a tour of Greece and Turkey, the newest members of the North Atlantic Treaty Organisation, his followers in the United States have been getting anxious about the campaign for the Republican nomination for the Presidency. They have been saying that General Eisenhower should return in order to campaign personally.

This week the United States was in a ferment over the Presidential primary elections which took place last Tuesday in the small New England State of New Hampshire, where Senator Robert Taft, Harold Stassen and others have been actively campaigning, their object being to gain sufficient favour in this initial voting to point the way to their success later in the year. The great absentee from the proceedings was General of the Army Eisenhower, who, despite the fact that his name is being canvassed on a nation-wide scale, has up to now steadfastly remained in Europe carrying out his duties as Supreme Commander. Indeed, while the New Hampshire Primary campaign was in full swing, Eisenhower was on a visit to Greece and Turkey, courtesy calls to new members of N.A.T.O. At a State dinner in Athens King Paul decorated General Eisenhower with the sash of the Grand Cross of the Redeemer—the highest honour in Greece—and the General was presented with an ancient sword.

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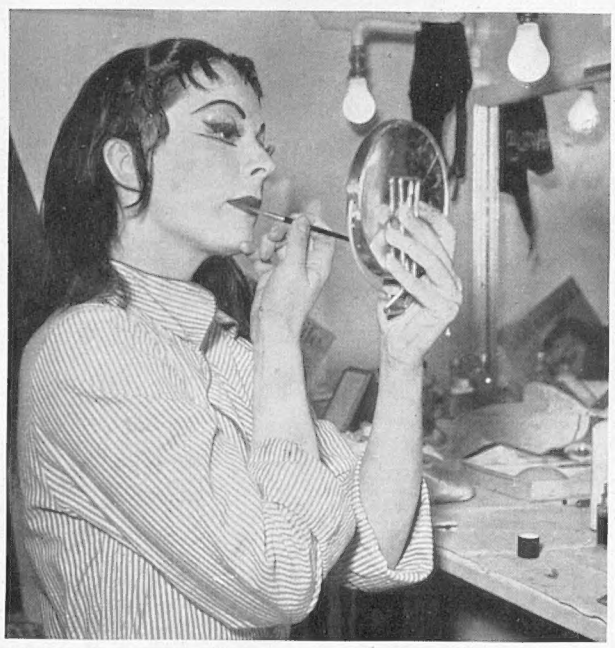
A BALLET ABOUT WITCHCRAFT

A TOAST TO BALLET: Dame Ninette de Valois (right), the Director of Sadler's Wells Ballet, toasts Miss Andrée Howard on her success with her new ballet, *A Mirror for Witches*, which was presented last week at the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden. *A Mirror for Witches* is founded on a novel of New England life in the seventeenth century. The macabre atmosphere of the evil eye is cleverly developed, and the dramatic tension of Esther Forbes's original tale is well sustained in a full-length ballet.

IN THE CRUSH BAR AT THE ROYAL OPERA HOUSE, COVENT GARDEN: Miss Margot Fonteyn (left) with Miss June Brea, a former member of the Sadler's Wells Ballet, on the first night of the new ballet, *A Mirror for Witches*.

BALLERINA PAMELA MAY WITH HER HUSBAND, MR. C. GORDON: They were two more of the first-nighters at Covent Garden. The music for the Ballet is by Denis Apivor.



ANNE HEATON, WHO DANCES THE PART OF THE YOUNG WITCH: Miss Heaton is seen making-up in her dressing-room at Covent Garden. Her performance in this touchingly pathetic role has won her wide praise from the critics.

A London Newsletter

195-198, STRAND, W.C.2.

Dangers of Virtuosity and Wit.—

No doubt the House of Commons is a much jollier, more friendly place than outsiders suppose from a reading of Parliamentary reports in Party papers, wherein a bitter retort is "news" and a friendly gesture is not. Mr. Churchill usually finds the House a delightful background for the exercise of his undoubted wit and quick ripostes and, like many an old actor, he enjoys his laughs and relies on the gallery's applause. Sometimes I think *his* sense of humour is not the Socialists' cup of tea, and in debates on grave subjects it may be he is more impressive outside Parliament when he is serious throughout his speeches. To twit Bevan and Shinwell has, after years of endurance of their slings and arrows, become second nature to him, and he does it to perfection. But a school debating society and the Mother of Parliaments in times of crisis are not sisters under the skin. Much of his swan song as Minister of Defence was admirably lucid, frank and grave. But because reporters differ sometimes from you and me as to what is and is not "news," we got the impression that there was more frivolity than austerity in his heart. Which is unfair to him but suggests that a sense of humour and a ready wit may be dangerous weapons even in a master's hand. It is often so when a superb technique becomes second nature. A man who is a master-player alike of the big drum and the piccolo may become a victim of his own virtuosity. For my part, I prefer Mr. Churchill in Dunkirk mood on Dunkirk occasions, just because the Opposition is not to-day composed of W. S. Churchills nor, for that matter, are the Tory Back Benches in Parliament.

"We Split, We Split" (*The Tempest*).—

Splits are in the air. There are clear signs hailed of splits both in the English Socialist party and in the de Gaulle party. The Socialist split is now more than a sign, it is a portent accepted as a fact. Now, a split in the Opposition party's ranks is always the No. 1 hope of wishful thinkers. A strong political party does not vanish in a night or emigrate to Australia, bag and baggage. The best hope is that it will weaken and lose adherents. It can only disintegrate gradually and by splitting. Atom fissure leads to newer, more effective instruments. Welded ships are also in the news to-day and under trial, and in the growth and evolution to power of the Socialist party in my lifetime, I find more reason to seek comparison with welded ships than with atom fissure. For even in Fabian days the party was composed of sections very roughly welded; extremes met because only by outward unity could strength be gathered and confidence won. In the tempest of to-day, with its new nostrums for new and old dangers, the strongest welding could not hope to hold together such undovetailed elements as compose the party, made up of Liberals in all but name, of Communists in all but name or openly declared, of pacifists and power-patriots, of capitalists under the skin, of dons, doctrinaires, demagogues and opportunists. . . . It was a marvel of skill which enabled the gentle hands of Mr. Attlee in power to hold all together. It was worth it while place and power remained. It ceased to be a common interest in the wilderness. It would indeed be a benefit to both the English and the French nations if atom fissure among the parties could result in new and more clearly labelled groups and fewer of them; if the muddle-minded and the wobblers would declare for Apollos or Paul, and boldly and without shame join the Paulines or the Apollonians on the right road (or the left).

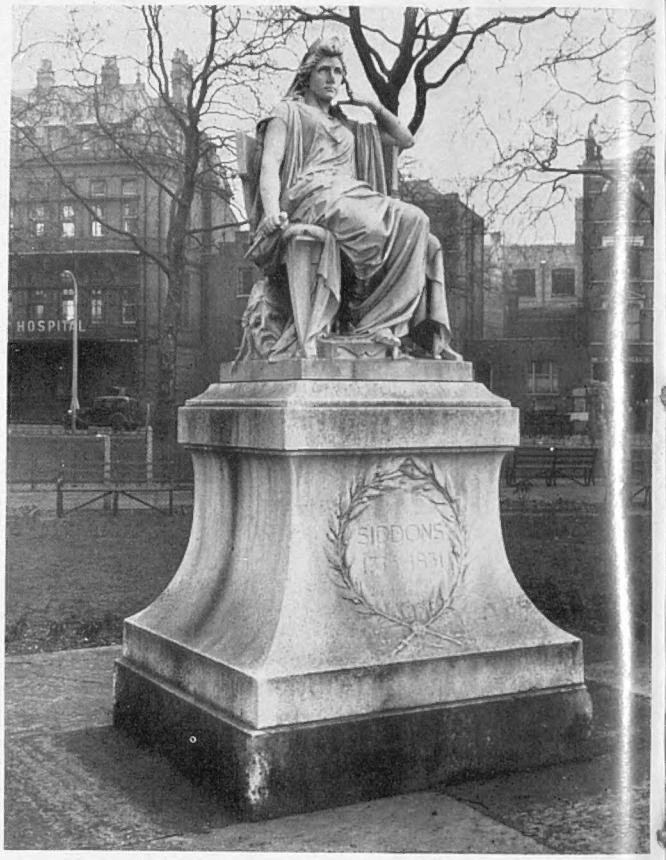
The Courier of Peace.—

Mr. Truman launched the new *Voice of America* floating radio station, the *Courier*, with an appeal to half the world, the peoples of Russia, China and the satellites. He told them: "We know you are suffering under oppression and persecution. We know that if you were free you would join us to banish the fear of war and bring peace to the world." He urged the Chinese and Russian peoples to force their rulers to drop their senseless policy of hate and terror. There were no international differences which could not be settled peacefully. This appeal to "half the world" struck me as unrealistic, pathetic and futile. It is not likely to sweeten relations with the dictators of Russia and China *vis-a-vis* the West. Hitler was never "gentled" by appeals to the German people to overthrow him. On the contrary, such appeals gave Hitler more fire and fury and usually reunited his flagging people under his leadership. The German people at least were reasonably well educated. The bulk of the Russian and Chinese peoples are not. It may well seem to some of us a pretty futile waste of breath to ask these untold and uneducated and utterly powerless peoples to force their leaders in any direction, least of all Westwards. An appeal to the satellite countries on those lines is quite another matter. The Czechs and Poles know what they have lost and have no urge to follow a national or native dictator. The Russian and Chinese millions had little to lose and may even have gained. It is a measure of the futility of this appeal to these countless millions to assess in point of organisation and of time what must be done from inside to compel these dictators to amend their ways. A century of time must pass before little secret organisations and local committees could be knit into a national revolution movement of real power. And a century of education would be needed also. For the most part, this broadcast seed must fall on barren ground. A few grains will fall in the Kremlin and perhaps bring forth dragons' teeth. The revolutions in Russia and China, if they come in the lifetime of persons now living, will come from within, and not from imported seed. The good ship *Courier* could have been given a more realistic send-off with a restricted appeal. Perhaps, in the heat of election fever, Mr. Truman has no time to consult the history books. Perhaps they are under dust-sheets at the White House.

"Peculiar People."—

The downright "leaders" sometimes written by Editor, *Sunday Express*, are set forth snappily and usually contain some downright common sense. But life in our world is so complicated to-day by the wheels within the wheels that common sense has really very little chance of influencing major policy at home or abroad: and it is possible for pundits to simplify too much. He is quite right to tell us that, if we ridicule the French for their system of government, we should remember that we also are a peculiar people. We are built on coal. The nations clamour for it. We have supplies to last for 200 years. In one year we could dig enough to solve all our financial problems, slash our taxes, and greatly improve our standards of life. But the coal is in the hands of a few men, who will not dig it up in adequate quantity nor let others dig it up for us. That way of putting it looks like common sense, but it is, of course, too "simple" common sense. Still, it does give the French and the Americans and others a chance to call us a peculiar people. We forever prate of the freedoms of our democracy, and it does seem a peculiar sort of freedom which keeps under lock and key, to be doled out by a few people, the national treasure which could solve our difficulties and make us happy and glorious. There is our "freedom from want and fear," and there it lies buried while we grunt and sweat under a heavy yoke of taxation and bad food and eternal crisis. It makes one feel that there is sometimes something to be said for a Hitler who would certainly open the colliery doors wider to-day. In France, Governments are too feeble to impose or collect reasonable taxation. But in England, can you see a Government within the next

THIS IS THE TRAGIC MUSE OF PADDINGTON GREEN



THE WOMAN WHOM ALL THE WORLD PRAISED SITS NEGLECTED ON A NORTH LONDON SITE: A strong appeal has been made by councillors on Paddington Borough Council to have repairs carried out on this statue of the famous actress Mrs. Siddons, which stands on Paddington Green. The statue has lost a piece of the nose, part of a foot and some fingers, and the report of the Parks Committee that expenditure on renovation would not be justified has been subjected to a barrage of criticism. Mrs. Siddons made her debut as Portia in 1775, and achieved her first success in Manchester when she appeared in a series of popular tragedies. For thirty years she was the unrivalled Queen of Tragedy on the British stage.

twenty years which could increase by 30 per cent. our output of coal? But when Mr. Gordon goes on to demand isolationism for Britain, advocating the withdrawing of our small legions to this island and the end of all entanglements with Europe, his common sense seems to me more simple than sensible. For we are more likely to find the Russians than the Germans at the Channel ports in the next five vital years and, with the advances of science in the sphere of explosive weapons of war, Russians could do far better than the Germans did in 1940-45 to our vulnerable and over-populated little island; and I, for one, would prefer that they should begin their shooting from the Rhine at least, and not from Calais and Boulogne.

Under Weight.—Of 8,264 sacks of coke or coal tested in Surrey, 1,173 were found under weight. So I "read in the paper," but perhaps there was a misprint. Coke is one of our "cheaper" fuels. It costs £5 14s. a ton with me. Coals cost more. Many people in Surrey, as a result of this little (but widespread) apparent cheating, are probably paying £6 a ton for the coke which in their not so recent memory they could get *ad lib.* for 30s. What can these defrauded householders do about it? No one wants to suspect his coal merchant, few dare to tell him they suspect him. They cannot switch to another factor any day of the week, and while he is their purveyor he is their master, dictator and, maybe, tyrant. If they make themselves nasty, he can make himself nasty: "Sorry, nothing doing"—when your cellar's empty. You are seldom in a position to test him on the spot, to catch him red-handed. To do that you must either have the official sleuth in hiding on the spot; but you never know when your merchant will call. Or you must buy a weighing-machine and be ready to lift a sack on to it. But before you can convict him of cheating, you must have ensured the official testing of the machine. And, anyway, your busy merchant loves to arrive after dark and push his delivery form through the letter-box. So I don't know how I can help Surrey householders.

Why We Lost the Peace.—One reflection stands out from many interesting ones aroused by Wilmot's *Struggle for Europe*. He reveals a characteristic—it may not be a fault—common to nearly all historians, even of the first rank. He appears to assess the wartime decisions and policies followed by the protagonist statesmen and commanders on either side by the standards of normal or "peacetime" thinking. Thus he is able to brand *this* decision or *that* policy as a cardinal error of judgment which contributed to the present state of the world or delayed victory or ensured defeat in war on one side or the other. But is normal thinking ever possible at the height of a death struggle? Is a battle won by the genius of one general in greater degree than by the mistake or false move of the other? Is it not often decided not by the careful plans made before the event but by conditions of weather and other unpredictable circumstances? After 1940, was not expediency the chief factor in any great decision in World War II? Hitler didn't denude the Western Wall just before D-Day because he scouted the possibility of Allied success, but because the situation in Russia, and perhaps Italy, demanded it. He refused to shorten his line in Russia because, if he lost his oil or coal sources, he lost the war. So, again, Roosevelt, when he pretended to laugh with Stalin at Churchill's idiosyncrasies, did so as a desperate expedient to win Stalin's confidence, and when Stalin bluffed the Allies out of intervention in the Near East and the wooing of Turkey, the West certainly lost a vital trick and gave Stalin another section of iron curtain; but it was expediency, not careless thinking, which compelled them to satisfy Stalin by invasions on the French coasts. Thus the cool historian who allots blame long after the event sometimes gains his own reputation for clear judgment by false premises. He judges wartime thinking on the standards of peacetime thinking, and the giants of the day of battle shrink in stature in history. Their jealousies undoubtedly contributed to this and handicapped Ike's strategy. But not so the stature of the fighting man. What a record of unspeakable heroism Wilmot has given us. In these wars of modern times, the true greatness of the victors' leaders lies in expediency and brilliant improvisation to meet unforeseeable dangers. And every instance of a long-term decision (and the Allies made quite a few) in the fever of war, is genius on genius at the top. If we lost the peace, the historians must not attribute that defeat to the failure of war thinking. If the war had not been won, there would have been no peace to win or lose. The war was won by concentration on first things, by stopping gaps and countering counter moves. And first and last by the courage of anonymous millions. The historian is sometimes a little too cool and dogmatic. But what a gripping book it is! It needed no commercial send-off. It sells itself.

THE OLD STAGER

IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE

THE STEEL INDUSTRY

By Ivor Thomas

The Story of Steel Production at Home and Abroad. Told by the Former M.P. for Keighley.

THE CHANGING FACE OF WESTMINSTER—THE GREAT GAP BY THE ABBEY

LAYING THE FOUNDATIONS OF THE NEW COLONIAL OFFICE: The site was originally that of the old Westminster Hospital, which was used by the Y.M.C.A. as a Services hostel during the war. Middlesex Guildhall may be seen in the middle of the picture and, to the left, are the towers of the Foreign Office. The empty site, which will soon be filled by the rising walls of the new Colonial Office, has provided a fine view of Westminster Abbey, St. Margaret's Church, Big Ben and the Victoria Tower. In the early stages of planning the new building, Lord Halifax, in his capacity as High Steward of Westminster, voiced the views of many Londoners in his plea that the site of the hospital should be left vacant so that the view of the Abbey be secured for all time. His letter to the daily Press was strongly supported. The Colonial Office, which has for many years occupied the Whitehall-Downing Street corner, has long outgrown its present building, and new premises are considerably overdue. Colonial timber will be used for much of the woodwork in the new building.

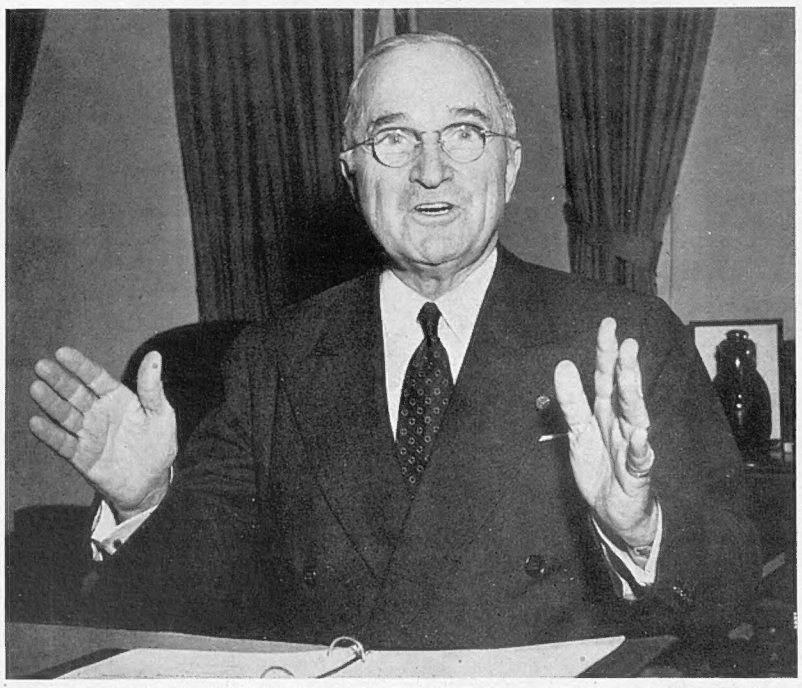
CONCLAVE IN WHITEHALL:

THE MUCH-DEBATED "AMERICAN ADMIRAL" VISITS THE ADMIRALTY ON HIS NINE-NATIONS TOUR

HIGH-LEVEL TALKS AT THE ADMIRALTY: Admiral Sir Rhoderick McGrigor, the First Sea Lord, seen (left, at head of table) as he conferred with Admiral L. D. McCormick, Supreme Allied Commander, Atlantic, and Vice-Admiral Sir William Andrewes, Deputy Supreme Commander. The Supreme Commander discussed with senior British Naval and Air Force officers the forces which he hopes will be earmarked for him. Also taking part in the discussion were Marshal of the R.A.F. Sir John Slessor, Chief of the Air Staff; Air Marshal Sir Alick Stevens, Coastal Command, and Air Commander-in-Chief-Designate of the Eastern Atlantic; and Captain I. G. Robertson, representing Admiral Sir George Creasy, the Commander-in-Chief of the Home Fleet. Among other calls made by Admiral McCormick while in London were on Field-Marshal Lord Alexander, Minister of Defence, and Mr. Churchill. After leaving London Admiral McCormick set out for Copenhagen on the next stage of his nine-nations tour.

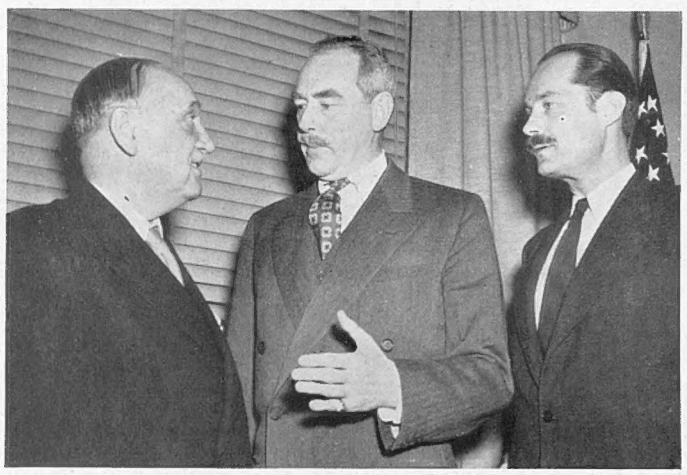
THE AMERICAN POLITICAL ROUNDABOUT

CAMPAIGNS FOR THE PRESIDENCY AND OTHER MATTERS



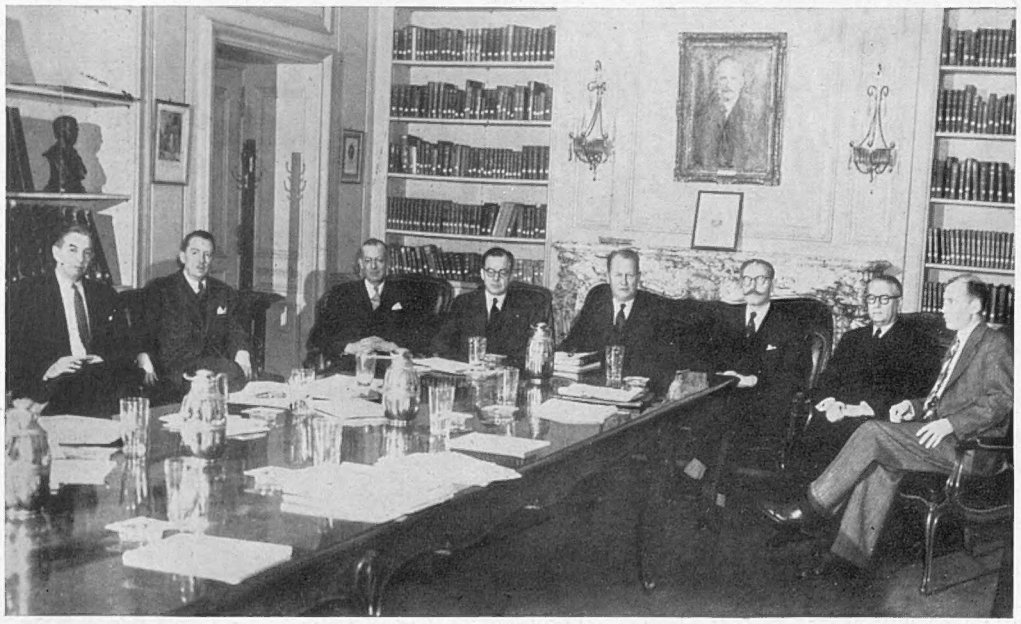
PRESIDENT TRUMAN APPEALS DIRECTLY TO THE PEOPLE : The President making a characteristic gesture during his recent radio-television address to the American nation, when he declared that the 7,900,000,000-dollar foreign aid programme which he had submitted to Congress earlier in the day might make the difference between the life and death of the free world. He appealed to the people to support his programme "for avoiding another world war." Congressional leaders were not over-enthusiastic about the programme, and reductions of 1,000,000,000 dollars were being forecast last week. Senator Tom Connally, the Chairman of the powerful Senate Foreign Relations Committee, was one of those openly in favour of cuts.

UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA STUDENTS BACK THE CANDIDATURE OF GENERAL EISENHOWER : The rally was one of several held within the University on behalf of various possible Presidential candidates and is indicative of the increasing election interest now apparent in the United States. Other students supported Stassen, who is a Presidential candidate and the President of Pennsylvania University.



SECRETARY OF STATE DEAN ACHESON RECEIVES THE AUSTRIAN VICE-CHANCELLOR IN WASHINGTON : Mr. Acheson (centre) with Herr Adolf Schaerf (left). They met to start work on the drafting of a skeleton treaty for Austria to replace the six-year-old Austrian Treaty draft which Russia has persistently refused to accept. On the right is the Austrian Ambassador to the United States, Dr. Max Lowenthal Chlumecy.

MRS. ROOSEVELT DEMONSTRATES WESTERN FOLK-DANCING DURING HER VISIT TO PAKISTAN : Mrs. Roosevelt, who has been visiting India and Pakistan at the suggestion of Mr. Chester Bowles, the United States Ambassador to India, has a fascinated audience of lovely Punjabi girls as she gives this demonstration at Lahore. Her visit to the sub-continent has done a great deal to improve the friendship between the two countries and the United States, and she has been most enthusiastically received everywhere on her lengthy tours. In New Delhi she told newspapermen that she thought United States opinion was coming round to appreciation of the geographical and historical factors that impel India into a consideration for Communist China that seemed inexplicable to Americans.



A CONFERENCE OF AMERICAN AMBASSADORS IN PARIS : The United States Assistant Secretary of State for European Affairs, Mr. George W. Perkins, recently conferred with American representatives in Eastern European countries at the United States Embassy in Paris. Seated in the conference room they are, left to right—Mr. Robert Joyce, State Department Adviser; Mr. James W. Gantenbein, Counsellor of the Legation, Bucharest; Mr. Hugh S. Cumming, Jr., Counsellor at the Moscow Embassy; Mr. Christian M. Ravndal, Ambassador to Hungary; Mr. Perkins; Mr. Ellis O. Briggs, Ambassador to Czechoslovakia; Mr. Joseph Flack, Ambassador to Poland; and Mr. John C. Campbell, State Department Adviser. Mr. Perkins intimated recently that his country is to consider "clamping down" on Communist diplomats in retaliation for difficulties created for United States representatives.

SENATOR ESTES KEFAUVER PUSHES HIS CAMPAIGN CAR UPHILL : The Senator, who has been campaigning in New Hampshire with a view to gaining the Democratic nomination for the Presidency, was caught on the icebound roads at Somersworth, and he is seen pushing his car, his wife lending moral support from the front seat. Kefauver is Truman's only serious rival at the moment for the Democratic nomination.

NEW ALIGNMENTS ON "THE AXIS"

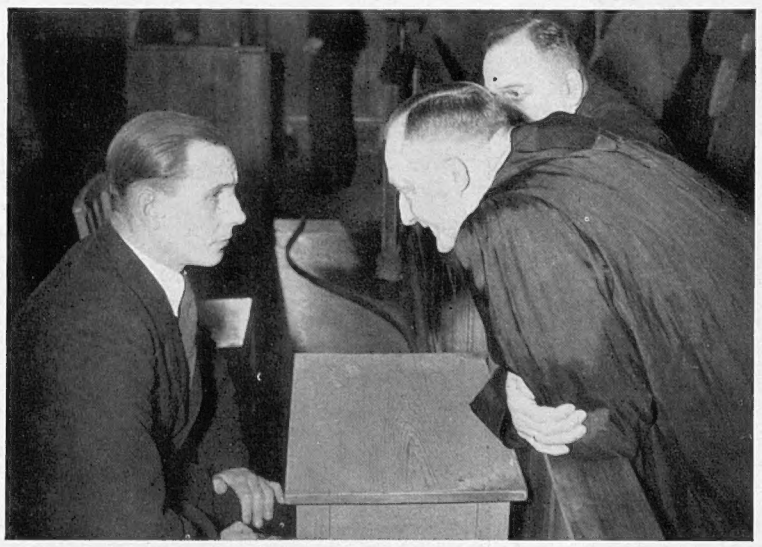
Japan, Germany and Italy Provide Some Revealing News Pictures

How are the Fallen Mighty is the theme of these news pictures which have come in to THE SPHERE *office this week from the former lands of the Berlin-Rome-Tokyo Axis, where the new alignments are, to say the least, thought-provoking.*

On left—

THE HAND OF FRIENDSHIP IN JAPANESE WATERS : Kichisaburo Nomura, former Japanese Admiral and Japan's Ambassador to the United States at the time of Pearl Harbour, being welcomed aboard the American battleship *Wisconsin* by Admiral Harold M. Martin (left) at a recent ceremony at Yokosuka Naval Base, when Admiral Martin was holding a farewell party before handing over his command to Vice-Admiral Robert P. Briscoe.

GET-TOGETHER AT GOETTINGEN : Lieut.-Colonel H. P. Barstow (right), commanding officer of the 1st Royal Irish Fusiliers, toasting former Lieut.-General Kurt Bernhard, one-time commander of Germany's 14th Cavalry Regiment, at a ceremony at Goettingen, Germany, at which they celebrated the joint action of their units in defeating the French at the Battle of Barossa during the Peninsular War. Apparently the decision to hold this get-together was taken by the R.I.F.



OTTO REMER TALKS WITH HIS DEFENCE COUNSEL : Remer, the former Nazi officer who helped to smash an attempted overthrow of the Nazis in 1944, has been on trial at Brunswick, charged with slandering the plotters against Hitler by calling them "traitors to our country." Remer—now the leader of the Neo-Nazi Socialist Reich Party—says : "I would do the same thing now in similar circumstances."

AMERICAN AND ITALIAN SAILORS CO-OPERATE IN THE MIDDLE SEA : Rear-Admiral Giorgio Ghe, Italian Navy Commander of the Lagoon Sector, talking to Commander D. Dlein, of the staff of the American Sixth Fleet, aboard the United States warship *Newport News*. They were taking part in Exercise "Grand Slam," the exercise which was held recently in the Mediterranean by member nations of the North Atlantic Treaty Organisation.

PERSONALITIES ON PARADE

The Unlooked-for Success of M. Pinay : Augustus John's Daughter Weds Again: The Convalescence of the Aga Khan: The Royal Ladies of Egypt: Mr. Harold Stassen Stumps the Country

THE MAN WHO FORMED A GOVERNMENT WHEN ALL SEEMED LOST : M. Antoine Pinay, the Right Wing Independent who, with the aid of twenty-seven Gaullists, received a sufficient majority in the French Parliament to take office, although it seemed doubtful at one time if he could succeed where M. Reynaud had failed. This week he had to face Parliament with his new Cabinet.

France, involved in a long, costly and sterile war in Indo-China, has reached the cross-roads of her destiny once again, for the drain on her wealth and man-power has been too much for her post-war economy. To right this drastic situation, this daily drain on the resources of the Treasury, President Auriol called upon M. Reynaud, the apostle of austerity. But M. Reynaud failed to receive a Parliamentary majority, and so the opportunity passed to M. Pinay, Minister of Transport in the outgoing Government and very much of a last hope. M. Pinay, gaining support here and there, still faced the Chamber without a majority unless he achieved some surprise backing. This, strangely enough, was forthcoming, and, with twenty-seven dissident Gaullists on his side, he won through to the Premiership. At once the mood of the French Parliament changed. A House which was resigned to M. Pinay's defeat began to recognise a potential Prime Minister, a strong man who could set right the financial difficulties of the nation. At the time of writing M. Pinay is forming his Cabinet, the Gaullists stand in the wings, temporarily thwarted, and the future remains almost as uncertain as it was a week ago.

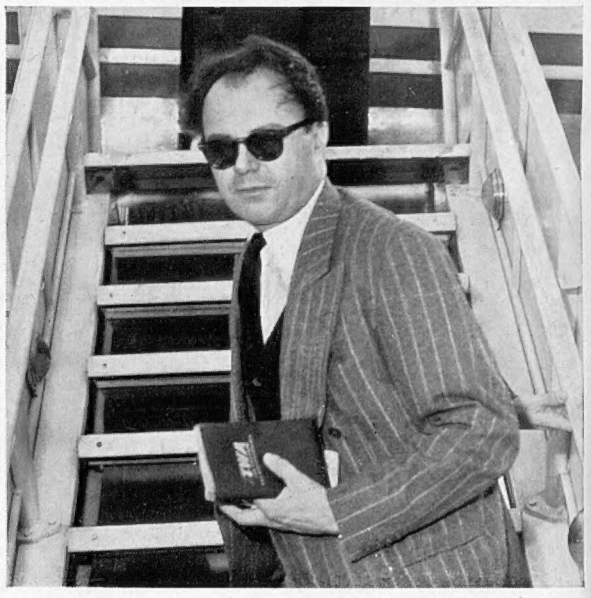
One thing does emerge. With a man of M. Pinay's character anything can happen, and no one now doubts either his determination to succeed or his personal ability. Last week he affirmed more than once that his desire for a holiday and to go fishing was only exceeded by his desire to secure for France a truly stable Government. Among the members of M. Pinay's new Cabinet were M. Queuille (Deputy Premier), M. Schuman (Foreign Affairs), and M. Letourneau (Minister of State in Charge of Relations with the Associated States). M. Pinay himself takes the Portfolio of Finance and Economic Affairs, having pledged himself to the task of financial reconstruction.

THE WOULD-BE SAVIOUR WHO WAS LET DOWN BY HIS OWN PARTY : General de Gaulle delivering a broadcast. The General ordered his followers not to support M. Antoine Pinay, but twenty-seven of them refused to obey orders, and as a result de Gaulle received a dramatic setback to his hopes of office, hopes that have been long deferred.

THE AILING AGA KHAN LEAVES INDIA FOR THE SOUTH OF FRANCE : Lying on a stretcher, he is carried from his hotel at Delhi to the waiting ambulance, which took him to Delhi airport. Standing at the head of the stretcher is the Begum Aga Khan, who accompanied him on the journey to Nice in a specially chartered plane. The Aga Khan was taken ill recently while flying from Calcutta. He is now seventy-five. He has achieved distinction in many fields, most notably as a leader of the Indian delegation to the League of Nations in the '30's. He was President of the League of Nations Assembly in 1937. The Aga Khan has an international responsibility as the hereditary chief of the Ismaili Muhammadans.

WEDDING IN CHELSEA : Augustus John with his daughter Poppet after her marriage at Chelsea Register Office to Mr. Willem Jilts Pol, the Dutch artist. This is her third marriage. The first was twenty years ago to Mr. Derek Ainslie Jackson, a wealthy young scientist. The second marriage was twelve years ago to Second Lieutenant Villiers Bergne. Augustus John is now seventy-three. His daughter is thirty-nine and is becoming increasingly well known as an artist.

On right—



THE ALY KHAN FLIES TO INDIA : The Aga Khan's son seen at Orly Airport, Paris, before taking-off on a business trip to India. His father had already arrived at his villa in the South of France, where he is now convalescing. According to Press reports last Monday, Rita Hayworth may rejoin Aly Khan in Europe in May, after she completes the film on which she is now working in Hollywood. A member of Aly Khan's staff has indicated that the divorce proceedings begun by Rita Hayworth in the U.S. last year may now be allowed to lapse.

PRINCESS FAIZA, SISTER OF KING FAROUK OF EGYPT, VISITS AN EXHIBITION OF WORK BY GIRL GUIDES OF EGYPTIAN SCHOOLS: The Princess seen with Madame Mounira Sabri, Chief of the Egyptian Girl Guides. Of recent months she has carried out many of the Royal duties which would normally fall to Queen Narriman.

QUEEN NARRIMAN'S FIRST PUBLIC APPEARANCE AFTER HER CONFINEMENT: The Queen seen with her Ladies-in-Waiting as she visited the tomb of her father on the anniversary of his death. Queen Narriman is now beginning to appear more regularly in public life following the birth of her son, the heir to the throne.

MAJOR-GENERAL ROBERT W. GROW SHAKING HANDS WITH HIS CHIEF, THE LATE GENERAL GEORGE S. PATTON (RIGHT): This picture, taken in France after the Normandy break-through in 1944, is one of the few available of Major-General Grow, a former American Military Attaché in Moscow. It appears that the General's personal diary has been photographed by Soviet agents; for extracts purporting to come from the diary and to reveal the Americans as warmongers are now being circulated in a Communist propaganda book entitled *The Path to War*. One extract from the diary reads: "It seems to me the time is ripe for a blow this year. We need a voice to lead us without equivocation: Communism must be destroyed! We must start by hitting below the belt. . . . Anything, truth or falsehood, to poison the thoughts of the population. We must understand that this war is total war and is fought with all weapons."

THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF WINDSOR ARE REUNITED: They are seen together at Pier 90, New York, after the Duke had disembarked from the liner *Queen Elizabeth*. He left the ship as soon as he arrived in New York, whereas other passengers stayed on board until the following morning. As usual, an army of Press photographers was at hand to greet him. They were particularly anxious for news of the progress of oil-drilling on the Duke's ranch in Alberta, where operations are now in progress. The estate covers some 4,000 acres of prairie.

On left—

A BRITISH OLYMPIC HOPE STRIDES OUT: Roger Bannister, Britain's mile champion, in training at Harrow, Middlesex, where he is making preparations for his world title bid in the Olympic Games at Helsinki. Bannister, self-trained and unassuming, is a medical student at St. Mary's Hospital, Paddington, where he took up study after leaving Oxford. His medical and athletic career closely follows that of Jack Lovelock, the New Zealander, who was also at Oxford and St. Mary's. Bannister's devastating stride is always seen to best advantage in the closing stages of a race.

HAROLD STASSEN WARMS HIS TOES AT THE VILLAGE STORE: The Republican Left Wing politician, who has once again been campaigning for the Presidential nomination, seated before an old-fashioned wood stove in Calef's General Store at East Barrington, New Hampshire. Mr. Stassen has been engaged on a week-long political tour of the State, seeking support for the Presidential Primary on March 11, one of the preliminaries to nomination. Harold Stassen, a former State Governor, has long been prominent in the Presidential race, but he has been much overshadowed by the figure of Thomas Dewey, of New York.

HOLDING ALOFT THE BATTERED DESPATCH CASE : Mr. R. A. Butler, Britain's Chancellor of the Exchequer, leaving his home at No. 3, Smith Square, Westminster, for the House of Commons, where he delivered his Budget speech last Tuesday, a speech which it was generally expected would reveal heavy burdens for the British taxpayer. M.P.s arrived at the House of Commons before the doors opened last Tuesday to book their places to hear the Chancellor. Several of them had had little sleep, a late sitting of the House of Commons having concluded at 2.52 a.m.

MR. BUTLER'S BUDGET DAY

THE CHANCELLOR LEAVING FOR THE HOUSE TO MAKE HIS MOMENTOUS SPEECH LAST TUESDAY

On right—

FACING THE BATTERY OF CAMERAS AS HE LEFT FOR THE HOUSE : The Chancellor, accompanied by his wife. This was his first Budget, and was described as the third phase in the Government's operation designed to keep the nation solvent.

SHAWINIGAN FALLS, A TINY SETTLEMENT ON THE EDGE OF THE FOREST HALF A CENTURY AGO, NOW AN INDUSTRIAL CITY, ITS STRENGTH AND PROGRESS HAVING COME FROM THE ST. MAURICE RIVER, WHICH PROVIDES THE POWER FOR ITS MANY INDUSTRIES: Shawinigan Falls, the pioneer centre of hydro-electric development in Quebec, now has an installed capacity of 489,900 h.p. In the three power-houses can be seen the progressive evolution of generating equipment over the last fifty years. Development still goes on upon the St. Maurice, and the Shawinigan Water and Power Company reckons that the total ultimate capacity of the river when fully developed will exceed 2,400,000 h.p. The three power-houses of Shawinigan Falls are seen in the foreground. Beyond are the first aluminium plant in Canada, a large newsprint mill, and plants used for producing industrial chemicals.

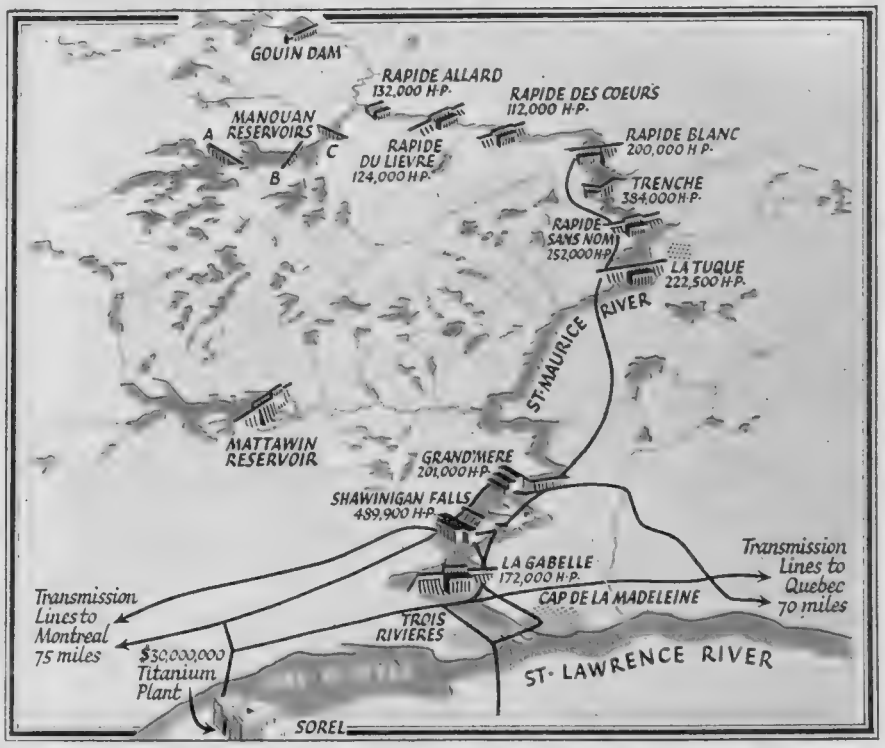
Quebec Sets the Pace in Power-Making

The Great Hydro-Electric Developments on the St. Maurice River; Their Bearing on the Production of the New Wonder Metal, Titanium, and on Canadian Economy Generally

YES, Quebec sets the pace in power-making: it sets it to Canada and the world at large. So successful has been this province in the harnessing of water power that Canada as a whole is surpassed only by the United States in hydro-electric production, and on a *per capita* basis her production is exceeded only by that of Norway.

Here, indeed, is the simple answer to those who wonder how Canada, with her population of only 14,000,000, has achieved seventh place among all the nations of the world in the total production of goods and third place in world trade. Canada has the electrical equivalent of more than 300,000,000 strong workmen at her beck and call, men who are never on strike and seldom ill, who labour at an average wage of 5 cents per 100 hours of work. It is unsweated labour, too, the complete outpouring of abundant natural resources.

It is not to be thought that all this vast outpouring belongs only to Quebec. That is far from being the truth; but beyond doubt the accent is most definitely upon Quebec. It is scarcely possible these days to stick a pin in the map of southern Quebec without hitting a new industry or an expanding industry. All over the Province new enterprises are emerging, businesses large and small, and in the Quebec hinterland of Ungava the iron-ore developments are on such a scale that business-men throughout the world are beginning to say that the balance of industrial power may in the course of a generation shift from the United States of America to her friendly, go-ahead northern neighbour.



HARNESSING THE ST. MAURICE RIVER FOR POWER, THE GREAT CHAIN OF POWER-STATIONS BUILT, BUILDING OR PROJECTED, ON THE ST. MAURICE RIVER, MIGHTY TRIBUTARY OF THE ST. LAWRENCE: Power-houses are already generating at La Gabelle, Shawinigan Falls, Grand Mere, La Tuque and Rapide Blanc. Power is conveyed to many industries along the Shawinigan Company's transmission lines, most notably to Sorel, where the new Titanium plant has been set up.

If the accent of power production is upon Quebec, it may be said that in Quebec itself the accent is upon the St. Maurice River, one of the great tributaries of the St. Lawrence and a potential source of 2,000,000 h.p. of electricity. It is on the St. Maurice that the Shawinigan Water and Power Company, no newcomer to the ranks of big power producers, is engaged upon its latest developments. These developments in the main are the subject of this article, which might well be called "Shawinigan for Example"; an example of just what is being done within the Province of Quebec to set the industrial pace.

The Shawinigan Water and Power Company, which celebrated its jubilee in 1948, is one of the pioneers of the Canadian electricity industry. Its main source of power, the St. Maurice River, flows 240 miles through the Laurentian Mountains of Quebec to join the St. Lawrence at Trois Rivieres. It ranks among the most important rivers in Canada. Its falls and rapids, which were for centuries but troublesome obstacles to the canoes of Indians, trappers and woodsmen who travelled it, now provide an opportunity for power development on a truly momentous scale.

In 1901 hydraulic power was made available at Shawinigan Falls (then a township in the woods, now a thriving

(*Continued on following page*)

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No. 3 POWER-HOUSE AT SHAWINIGAN FALLS—THIS IS THE THIRD AND LATEST OF THE GENERATING PLANTS TO BE INSTALLED AT THIS POINT ON THE ST. MAURICE, WHERE ENGINEERS HAVE UTILISED SO EFFECTIVELY THE 145-FT. DROP OF THE RIVER: Other stations are located at five other points on the St. Maurice, and four more are planned for a total capacity of 2,400,000 h.p. The initial development was begun at Shawinigan Falls in 1899, and by 1903 the first two units were installed.

IN THE MIDST OF THE QUEBEC WOODS—THE GENERATING STATION AND MODEL VILLAGE OF RAPIDE BLANC, 135 MILES UP THE ST. MAURICE RIVER FROM ITS CONFLUENCE WITH THE ST. LAWRENCE: This development, begun in 1931, will eventually have a total capacity of 240,000 h.p. At present the most northerly plant of the Shawinigan system, this is at the same time the first and central plant of seven planned to harness the upper reaches of the river. Rapide Blanc has a chute devised for floating pulpwood logs past the power plant.

QUEBEC SETS THE PACE IN POWER

(*Continued from previous page*)

city) for the up-and-coming aluminium industry. Since then the record of progress has been striking and continuous. Shawinigan power was first made available to the city and district of Quebec in 1916. Montreal was at that time already being supplied along the Company's 86-mile 50,000-volt transmission line. To-day the Shawinigan system serves well over 200,000 industrial, domestic, commercial and rural customers in an area of more than 25,000 square miles, extending from the Laurentian shield to the United States border, a network of lines carrying power to nearly all the inhabited areas. Within this great oval astride the St. Lawrence are found the largest cities and 70 per cent. of the population of Quebec. To these cities hydro-electric power is the key to the future.

The most important of recent Shawinigan developments is the power scheme at La Trenche rapids. Two units, each of 65,000 h.p., went into service at La Trenche in December 1950, and additional units were in operation early in the summer of 1951. A 220 kv. transmission line, 107 miles in length, from La Trenche to Three Rivers, and a 40-mile line of similar voltage between Three Rivers and the city of Sorel were similarly completed, the latter line including a high tower crossing over the St. Lawrence River between Berthierville and Sorel, this crossing providing a vital service for the Quebec Iron and Titanium Company's new plant at Sorel.

It is the growth of this Quebec Iron and Titanium Company which commands special attention, for some people are saying that this project will be as important in the Canadian economy of the future as will be the vast iron-ore deposits of Ungava in the Quebec hinterland—deposits which will be replacing in due course the dwindling output of Minnesota's Mesabi Ridge.

What is Titanium, this product which the Press call "the new wonder metal"? As one authority puts it, "among the metals available for construction there is a gap between aluminium and steel." Titanium fills this gap. Its weight lies half-way between aluminium and iron, but it is as strong as stainless steel.

LA TUQUE, A WARTIME DEVELOPMENT—ONE OF THE SHAWINIGAN COMPANY'S POWER-STATIONS ON THE UPPER ST. MAURICE, SHOWING, TOWARDS THE RIGHT, THE GREAT NEW PAPER MILL: La Tuque is the second of the Shawinigan developments on the upper reaches of the St. Lawrence tributary. Other sites yet to be developed are Rapide Allard, Rapide du Lièvre, Rapide des Cœurs, and Rapide Sans Nom, which together with La Trenche, will have an ultimate capacity of over 1,000,000 h.p. in the upper reaches. In a cable to "The Sphere" outlining current progress, the Shawinigan Water and Power Company announced that since the installation of the third and fourth generators at La Trenche, during the course of 1951, the total installed capacity on the whole St. Maurice system is 1,550,000 h.p.

Lightness, strength, corrosion-resistance; minimum weight where high stress is needed. It is not hard to see where this combination could fit easily into either peace or war economy. Aircraft, ships, textile machinery, sporting goods, to mention a few, suggest themselves. Its surface-hardening properties would make it important in parts subject to frictional wear. It has high resistance to heat at elevated temperatures, and this quality can be improved by alloying, making it a natural material for jet engines and turbines, where heat and pressure are great.

Well, that is Titanium!

It is the direct link between Shawinigan's La Trenche power scheme and the Quebec Iron and Titanium Company's 13,000,000-dollar electric smelting plant at Sorel that is so interesting, and the link is not accidental. The one scheme is integrated with the other. Sorel had to have electric power to the tune of 160,000 h.p. La Trenche was the obvious answer, and so the two companies signed contracts.

Let it be said here and now that neither Shawinigan, with all its power resources, nor Quebec Iron and Titanium, with all its vast potentialities in peace and war, are of such vital overriding importance as to exclude all else, "the only pebbles on the beach," as it were, in Canada's developing economy, but they are highlights—they are prime examples of what can and is being done to make Canada industrially great.

Surveying the whole Shawinigan system along the St. Maurice River from La Gabelle to Rapide Allard, along the line of power stations, completed, uncompleted and projected, the picture is the same, the power producers and the industrialists are working hand-in-hand. Not least, Shawinigan power is linked with the forest wealth of Quebec. The pulp and paper industry pioneers were among the first customers of Shawinigan back at the turn of the century. The union of forest resources with electrical power has brought to the St. Maurice Valley the greatest concentration of pulp and paper manufacturing plants in the world. Shawinigan has fostered that industry with almost paternal pride; its campaign in the interests of forest conservation has been beyond the line of duty and at the same time notably long-sighted.

Yes, Shawinigan is an example; it is a portent, too.

R. C. E.

AT THE GATEWAY OF THE PULPWOOD COUNTRY—THIRTY MILES ABOVE THE MOUTH OF THE ST. MAURICE IS THE 201,000-H.P. GRAND' MÈRE DEVELOPMENT: Beside the generating station is the newsprint mill of the Consolidated Paper Company, one of the big users of Shawinigan power. The greatest proportion of the power developed on the St. Maurice is distributed in large amounts at high voltage under long-term contracts to industrial customers. Quebec's aluminium, paper, chemical, textile and mining industries are the chief buyers.

A FOREIGN NEWS COMMENTARY

A Pictorial Survey of Events Abroad, With Notes

By FERDINAND TUOHY

THE MEMORIAL SERVICE FOR THE DUKE OF AOSTA : This was the scene inside the church of Santa Maria degli Angeli, in Rome, during the memorial service on the tenth anniversary of the death in Kenya of the Duke of Aosta, Viceroy in Abyssinia at the time of the Second World War. It was after this service that youths insulted Marshal Badoglio, the former Italian Premier.

BADOGLIO QUESTIONS THE ATTITUDE OF HIS AGGRESSORS : The Marshal (centre), protected by plain-clothes police from the fury of Fascist youths, gesticulates outside the church of Santa Maria, in Rome, where he was attacked after attending the memorial service for the Duke of Aosta. After the police had intervened to protect the Marshal, he was driven to safety. It was later reported that he suffered a heart attack.

Badoglio Under Fire.—Seventeen years ago almost all Italy was at the feet of Marshal Badoglio, conqueror in Abyssinia and the Duce's right hand in erecting *l'Impero*. Now, aged eighty-one, he was hustled and spat upon in a Roman street, to cries of " Traitor ! ", and had to be aided by a tall daughter into a police car, for the safety of his skin.

Badoglio was attending a requiem for the Duke Amedeo of Aosta on the tenth anniversary of his death as a prisoner of the British at Nairobi—he had been C.-in-C. in the Ethiopia campaign of 1940, and many hundreds of ex-officers and men who had fought under him attended at St. Mary of the Angels.

Mingled with them were neo-Fascists for whom the aged Marshal was only the man who traitorously supplanted the Duce in 1943.

Italy is having much difficulty in determining what to prohibit about resurged Fascism. The Roman salute is banned, but the singing of Fascist songs is harder to tackle ; and there are many other matters.

The requiem was the first time the Republic honoured a member of the Royal house.

THE UNDECIDED SUICIDE—FOUR STARTLING PICTURES OF A HUMAN DRAMA IN THE UNITED STATES : These pictures record a desperate and eventually successful attempt to prevent a young negro from throwing himself off the top of a skyscraper, the Carew Tower, in Cincinnati. *Top, left*—An arrow points to the prospective suicide as he stands on a ledge of the building's forty-seventh floor, far above the street. *Top, right*—As the young man stares down at the streets hundreds of feet below, a rescuer tries to persuade him to change his mind. Police, firemen and office workers, watched by a huge crowd on the ground, spent more than two hours on the roof beside him desperately searching for the means to save his life. *Bottom, left*—Seated now, but with his legs hanging over the edge, the negro begins to yield to argument. *Bottom, right*—Turning away from death, the young man climbs back on to the roof. Shortly after this picture was taken he was pulled to safety and rushed to a near-by hospital.

THE FLAGS OF SCHLESWIG-HOLSTEIN, WEST GERMANY, AND HELIGOLAND ARE RAISED ABOVE THE FORMER FORTRESS ISLAND AT THE MOUTH OF THE ELBE : The island, badly scarred by wartime bombing, and since used as an Allied practice bombing range, was handed back to Germany at this ceremony on March 1. The island is to undergo a five-year rehabilitation programme.

Heligoland Goes Back.—Early in 1950 two students camped on forbidden Heligoland and initiated " Aktion Heligoland " in protest against further destruction by British bombing, and for the return of the island to Germany.

The pioneers, and subsequent imitators, were bundled back to the mainland with a " Run-away-and-play " tolerance.

Heligoland has now been handed over to Germany—for the third time in sixty-two years.

It was first of all exchanged for Zanzibar rights, and one of the opening British actions in 1914 was to bomb the tiny fortified island threatening the North Sea approaches. It was soon handed back to Germany after that first war—and after its teeth had been drawn for, it was thought, a very long time to come.

But the Germans had their *Helgoland* back in fighting trim even before Hitler got to power—as a visit in 1932 showed—or, rather, didn't show me. For everything was *verboten* except a narrow strip of beach which, none the less, was the main attraction drawing 10,000,000 German holiday-makers between 1926 and 1945.

The third handing-over of Heligoland has been likened to a first national reassertion, and it does recall the premature exit of the British from Cologne in 1926, which marked the first " reassertion " after Germany's 1918 defeat.

Stresemann, fresh from Locarno, struck peaceful notes from his lyre when the British left the Cologne Bridgehead. Adenauer did the like as the British and American air forces drew out of Heligoland after a second ghastly war and second German defeat. No longer to be viewed as " the Gibraltar of the North," Heligoland was to be a symbol of peace, and, as if in confirmation, biologists, meteorologists and ornithologists were among the first Germans to return.

Simultaneously, Prince Hubertus zu Loewenstein, who led " Aktion Deutschland " in January 1950, reminded that " Deutschland ueber Alles " was written on Heligoland. And black flags and emblems were stuck on the Knechtsand, a seven-mile strip of sandbank which the R.A.F. and U.S.A.F. have taken over off Cuxhaven.

An " Aktion Knechtsand " indubitably lies ahead, though one flag stuck on the bank—the green European Union flag (edged with black)—might have caused the denser Germans to reflect that the bombing of the Knechtsand is training for the protection of Europe.

The rubble of Heligoland is expected to take five years to clear at a cost of £5,000,000.

Trouble in Dockland.—At a time when Aims of Industry, Ltd., an organisation representing 2,000 independent firms, has reported that "restrictive practices are crippling Britain's dock industry," an unusual happening in Australia reminds that cures are eventually found for "couldn't-care-less" pig-headedness, if often late in the day.

When the tugmen of Fremantle struck, twelve naval aircraft made fast to the deck of H.M.A.S. *Sydney* propelled the carrier away from the wharf. Australian dock trouble is a constant reminder of the ramifications of the cold war, as directed by Moscow. A complete stoppage at Sydney left sixty-four ships idle, including vessels laden with troops and supplies for Korea.

In the United Kingdom, only Bristol, Avonmouth and Goole are given good marks. As for other ports (according to "Aims of Industry"), "discipline as it exists in other industries is practically unknown to-day in the docks." Dockers shift cargo at half the pre-war speed, wasting time drinking tea and by refusing to use new machines. London dockers waste about an hour-and-a-quarter of working time every day.

"Pig-headedness" is not the right word. Besides, a "we-are-the-masters-now" attitude, and the chance to indulge lovely laziness, countless dockers respond to Communist stewards.

Mr. Morrison did a great disservice when he bragged, for foreign consumption, of a House of Commons without Communist members. Was he "taken in" himself? Impossible! Among the clever Communist tactics is that of keeping nominally clear of Parliament, so as not to attract an attention which would militate against the steady and widespread "working" of industry and transport as a whole.

For each nation, its special treatment by Moscow. For the French Chamber of Deputies, as many deputies as possible; but not for Westminster—not at this stage, anyway.

PROPELLERS TO THE RESCUE: Twelve naval aircraft lashed to the flight-deck of H.M.A.S. *Sydney* propelled the giant carrier away from the wharf at Fremantle, Western Australia, recently, the aircraft engines doing the work of tugs which were not available because the local tug crewmen were engaged in a strike.

THE SEABORNE "VOICE OF AMERICA": This is the Coast Guard cutter *Courier*, "the Voice of America" floating radio station charged with the task of beaming information to countries lying behind the Iron Curtain. Barrage balloons are used to lift the antennæ of the ship's main transmitter.

Truth Staggers On.—Its latest crutch is the U.S. Coast Guard cutter *Courier*, from whose deck President Truman addressed himself rather in the void to nigh on 700,000,000 Russians and Chinese. He appealed to these people to force their rulers to drop "their senseless policy of hate and terror." "We are your friends," he said. Mr. Truman also declared "We have no quarrel with the people of the Soviet Union or with the people of any other country."

The courier was a small ship (5,800 tons), said Mr. Truman at the inauguration, but she carried "a precious cargo—the cargo of truth." The vessel is to serve as the first large floating radio station broadcasting "The Voice of America," and it was fitting that she should make her bow at Washington. Soon she will be in "friendly waters as close as possible to Russia."

Thus is it hoped to overcome the tremendous Russian jamming which is working mischief with "The Voice of Britain." Although the saving made is said to be only £68,000, merest fleabite in the ocean of public spending, Mr. Selwyn Lloyd, Minister of State, is not yet budging in the direction of lessening the cuts ordered the B.B.C., although weight of opinion in the House is developing strongly in favour of giving more help to "The Voice of Britain," if only on account of the lingering prestige retained by the B.B.C. from its first-class wartime effort.

What about a British "Courier"? There must be many ships that could be so fitted out. The American pioneering vessel has a complement of ten officers and a crew of eighty. The main aerial is held up to a height of 900 ft., or about twice as high as the Washington Monument, by helium barrage balloons. Cost of converting and equipping the cutter was £714,000. The Americans might be prevailed upon to unload the helium, of which they may still have the lot.

The *Courier* can broadcast with a strength three times greater than any American commercial station. After a shake-down cruise in the Caribbean, her first assignment will be in the Eastern Mediterranean.

THE LEGISLATOR WITH A NAZI PAST: Franz Roessler, who assumed the name of Dr. Franz Richter in order to hide his true identity and win election to the West German Federal Parliament.

Richter and Roessler.—Special interest attaches to small, hatchet-faced, Hitler-moustached, forty-year-old Fritz Roessler, now languishing for three months in a Lower Saxony prison for slandering two Ministers of the local Land Government. When he comes out, he will face other accusations.

The principal one is of having assumed the name of Dr. Franz Richter and so winning election to the West German Federal Parliament, when this style hid the fact of his having been Nazi Deputy Gauleiter of Saxony.

The really interesting point is that some 10,000 other ex-Nazis are believed to be sailing under similar false colours. What will happen gradually to them?

Maybe Roessler's fate will be a pointer. He is to be charged by a Federal Court with falsifying his identity and procuring funds thereby, and with claiming an academic degree, which brought other material benefit.

Egyptian Change-Over.—Because he would not come to grips with Nahas Pasha and the Wafdists over responsibility for the ravaging of central Cairo on January 26, Aly Maher Pasha was dismissed from the Premiership by King Farouk after a spell of thirty-two days.

Aly Maher's successor is harassed and worn-looking Neguib el-Hilaly Pasha, sixty, one of Egypt's leading lawyers. He has formed an all-independent Cabinet, including many anti-Wafd elements, and with Parliament suspended for a month by the King, rule is by martial law.

One impression is that Egypt is sailing towards a general election. Assuredly King Farouk has shed the playboy and is bringing his considerable abilities and by no means weak character to bear on grave events—graver inside Egypt, riddled by concealed Communism, than by reason of British presence on the Canal Bank, if Egyptians only knew it.

THE NEW PRIME MINISTER OF EGYPT: Neguib el-Hilaly Pasha, who has succeeded Aly Maher Pasha. No sooner was his Government formed than Parliament was suspended for a month.

NEWS PICTURES from INDIA

PILGRIMS CELEBRATE THE SOLAR ECLIPSE AT KURUKSHETRA; MRS. ROOSEVELT IN DELHI; THE LANGUAGE PROBLEM IN SOUTH INDIA

TO THE ACCOMPANIMENT OF DRUMS AND CYMBALS AN ELDERLY HINDU SINGS SACRED VERSES DURING THE RECENT SOLAR ECLIPSE: This was at Calcutta, where thousands of Hindu pilgrims celebrated the eclipse by bathing in the River Hoogly, one of the branches of the Ganges.

MRS. FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT IN INDIA: Mrs. Roosevelt, who has been visiting India and Pakistan, is seen after her arrival at the airport in Delhi. With her in this picture are (left to right) Mr. Chester Bowles, the United States envoy in India; Vijayalakshmi Pandit, former Indian Ambassador to the United States, and the Prime Minister, Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru. Both in India and in Pakistan Mrs. Roosevelt received the most enthusiastic reception from the people. In Bombay she was cheered by 1,000 Indians as she stood with head bowed and hands folded in the Hindu style of greeting. She denied that her visit had any political significance and said she wanted "to see the beautiful things you have here and then write a simple book."

***On left*—SOME OF THE THOUSANDS OF HINDU PILGRIMS WHO BATHED IN THE SACRED LAKES OF KURUKSHETRA ON THE OCCASION OF THE SOLAR ECLIPSE ON FEBRUARY 25:** The eclipse had greater significance for the pilgrims this year because it coincided with *Somavati Amavas*, the bathing festival. Kurukshetra is a sacred place, because it is the traditional site of the epic battle of the *Mahabharata*, when Krishna spoke the aphorisms of the *Bhagavadgita*, the compendium of the vast Hindu scriptures.

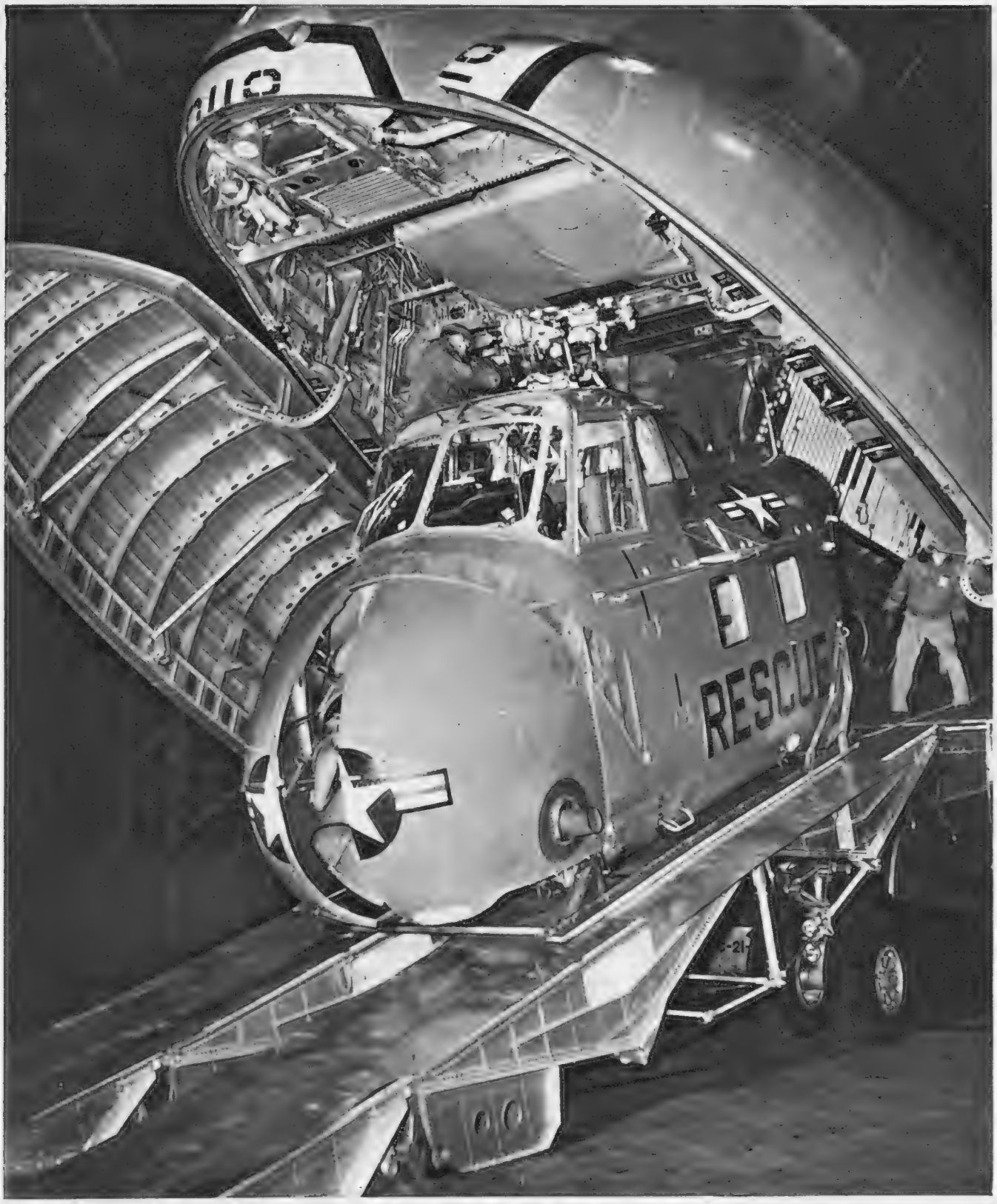
A SADHU LIES UPON HIS BED OF THORNS AT KURUKSHETRA: He was one of the 5,000 ascetics who gathered for the solar eclipse and bathing festival ceremonies. Sadhus and pilgrims came from many parts of India for the great festival. Compulsory inoculation and chlorination of water supplies kept the camps free from epidemics.

SWAMI SITARAM, WHO IS PLEDGED TO A CAMPAIGN OF CIVIL DISOBEDIENCE TO ESTABLISH A SEPARATE PROVINCE FOR TELEGU-SPEAKING INDIANS: For many years the Telegu-speaking people of the sprawling, trilingual Madras Province have agitated for their own State, Andhradesa, as they would call it. Members of the Congress Party, which has been returned to power in the recent general elections, are pledged to the establishment of the State, but believe the time is not yet ripe. Swami Sitaram, however, says the delay is "helping the Communists" in South India.

HELICOPTERS ARE AMERICA'S MAIDS-OF-ALL-WORK

Playing a Notable Part in the Korean War

In the United States it is being said that in the Korean War the helicopter has come of age. It is, in the military sense, now a practical proposition, vitally necessary in the protection of lives and the maintenance of communications, providing a method of front-line reinforcement in inaccessible places that has no counterpart in the history of war. Already every division in Korea has helicopters, and the call is for more and yet more of these remarkable hover machines. As flying ambulances in Korea, helicopters have evacuated 10,000 casualties, many of whom could not have survived stretcher-bearing or road transport over the impossible Korean terrain. Helicopters have picked up the badly wounded from the field of battle, whisking them back to the Mobile Army Surgical Hospitals, and they have landed behind the Communist lines to pick up "ditched" fliers. In every sense of the term they have come of age (for was it not in the '20's that the Frenchman, Oehmichen, made his first hovering flight of five minutes), and to the American mind, at any rate, there is no limit to their potentialities. Wherever there is clearance for their rotors, there the helicopters land and there they take off. They are the maids-of-all-work of the air.



A WHALE OF A SWALLOW! A stripped-down H 19 helicopter disappearing into the cavernous mouth of a giant Globemaster at Westover Field, Massachusetts. The helicopter was one of several being despatched to the Korean battlefront, there to take part in rescue work in the front line.

Below—

AMERICA'S PINT-SIZE HELICOPTER: This is the XH 26, designed so that it can be carried and dropped by larger planes. After being unpacked, assembly is so speedy that the helicopter can be in the air in twenty minutes. The machine weighs less than 300 lb., is 6 ft. high, and can be collapsed into a container measuring 5 x 5 x 14 ft. The little "egg-beater," as wags in America have named it, can carry two men seated side by side.

HELICOPTER-BORNE WOUNDED ARE LANDED ON THE DECK OF AN AMERICAN HOSPITAL SHIP IN KOREAN WATERS: A helicopter, carrying battle casualties, is shown coming in for a landing on the flight-deck of the hospital ship. U.S.S. *Consolation*, at anchor off Socko Ri, Korea, 12 miles north of the 38th Parallel and almost within sight and sound of Communist guns. The time taken up in shore-to-ship transfer was less than five minutes.

AUSTRALIA, THE LAND OF OPPORTUNITY—A SKETCH-MAP SHOWING THE CHIEF AREAS OF AGRICULTURAL AND MINERAL PRODUCTION AND THE CHIEF POINTS OF ENTRY OF THE IMMIGRANT POPULATION: Fremantle, Adelaide, Melbourne, Sydney and Brisbane are each receiving a steady quota of immigrants, many of them brought in by the immigration liners on the U.K.—Australia run. Australia's immediate aim is a population of 10,000,000. *Drawn by Leslie S. Haywood.*

THE NEW AUSTRALIANS

Peopling the Commonwealth is on the Way to Becoming One of the Great Migrations of History—Australia Tackles the Task of Absorbing the Newcomers

By GEORGE FARWELL *(Author of "Australian Setting" and "Land of Mirage")*

WITH SPECIAL DRAWINGS BY FRANK M. LEA AND A DIAGRAM MAP BY LESLIE S. HAYWOOD

DAY after day the glittering airliners come in from overseas to land on Kingsford Smith aerodrome, beside Botany Bay, where the first Australian settlers went ashore more than 160 years ago. Sydney has become one of the major airports of the globe, terminal point for international liners from London and San Francisco, Hong Kong, Rome, Yokohama, Colombo and Amsterdam. Some 20,000 people arrive here every year; travellers and tourists, Government officials, Servicemen, technicians and men of trade. But the past few years have seen radical changes in this migratory tide, people of a new character passing through the Customs barriers; men and women—as well as children by the hundred—from half the nations of Europe.

In the large passenger-hall, notices are written in several languages: interpreters are busy; blond Nordics mingle with peasants from Southern Europe, business executives with hitherto homeless artisans. It is an atmosphere somewhat reminiscent of Ellis Island a generation or two ago, at the height of America's immigration boom.

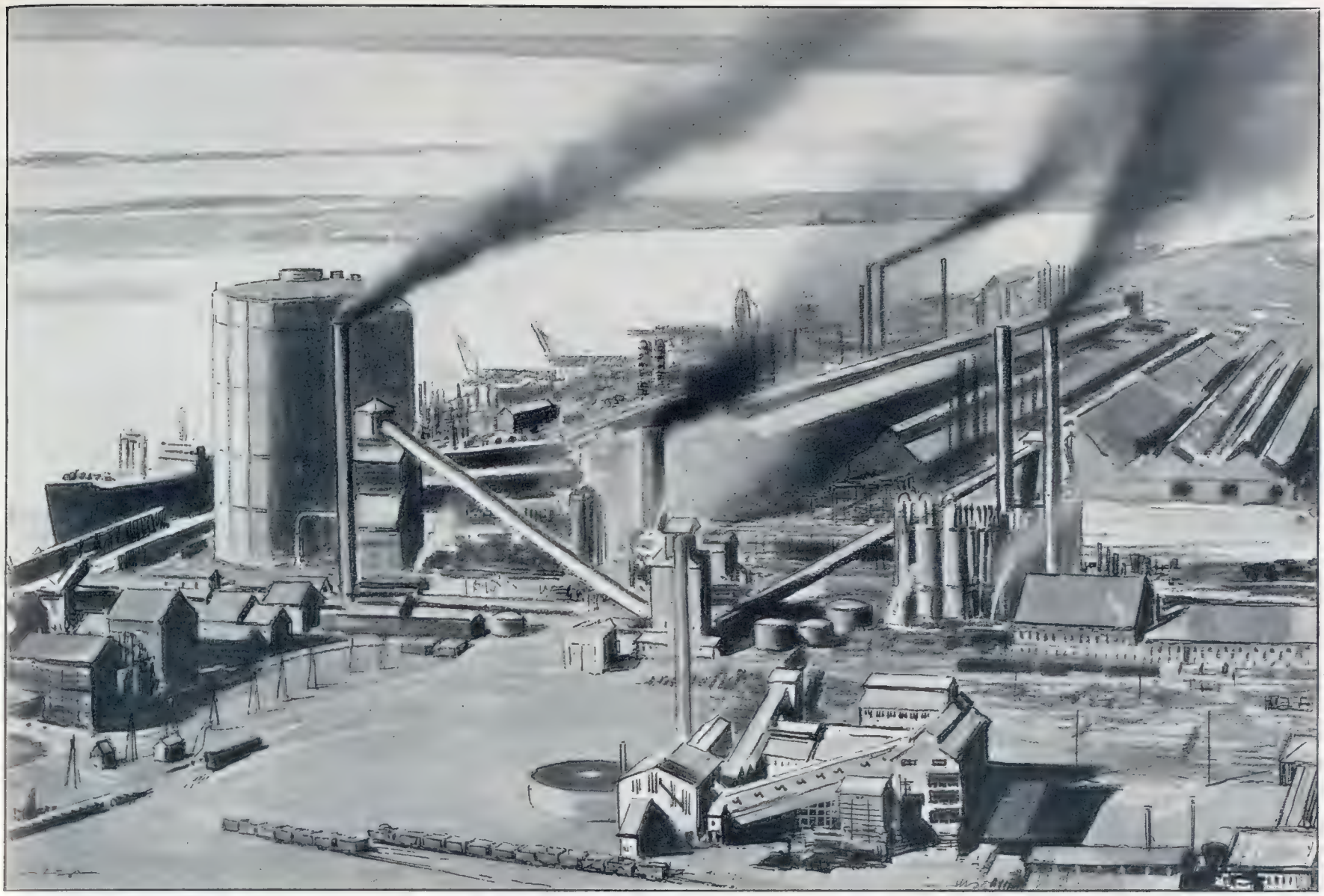
Of course, only a minority arrive by air; but it is an important one. There are whole families from Britain, scientists, Clydeside engineers, industrialists bringing new capital with them, sometimes even their own workers and plant; there are urgently needed builders and mechanics with special skills from European countries; national groups arriving by charter flights from regions where shipping cannot be secured. In each capital city the wharves are crowded, too, as liners berth after the long voyage out from ports in Britain, Germany, Holland or Italy. The large majority of these new arrivals are British people in search of a future more secure than the Old World appears to offer. But there are many thousands from other lands. You will see sober-looking Dutch tradesmen, farmers and professional men; displaced people from the Baltic States; Germans and Italians resolved to repeat the achievements of their fellow-countrymen in earlier years; Poles, Greeks, Yugoslavs, Maltese, all of them landing with the assurance that their hands and skills are needed to swell the work force of this rapidly expanding nation.

It is on the way to becoming one of the great migrations of history.

Just such a movement in the nineteenth century transformed the United States from a small nation at the time of the Civil War to the great industrial Power she is to-day. The assimilation of all these varied peoples is not easy, especially those with different cultural patterns, languages and political experience. But it is going ahead and with success.

The wonder is that this country has been able to absorb all these varied types so quickly. It has been able to do so simply because a strong and flexible industrial pattern exists already. Australia is by no means the "colonial society" of the nineteenth century, though even in Britain itself there is not always a proper recognition of the giant strides which have been made during the past fifty years. It has

ON THE IMMIGRANT ROUTE TO AUSTRALIA—AN ENGLISH FAMILY STARTS OUT ON THE GREAT ADVENTURE WHICH WILL TAKE THEM TO THE WIDER HORIZONS OF THE SOUTHERN HEMISPHERE: *Left*—Members of the family leaving Australia House after preliminary talks on family migration and the question of assisted passages. *Centre*—Going aboard the *New Australia* before the start of the voyage from Southampton. *Right*—On arrival in South Australia they take their first meal in one of the well-appointed immigration hostels. In Australia a State migration officer boards all ships to welcome and advise newcomers, giving them details of accommodation.



NEWCASTLE, THE CITY OF STEEL—IT WAS THE GOOD BLACK COAL OF THE HINTERLAND WHICH FIRST PUT THIS NEW SOUTH WALES CITY ON THE MAP: It was the same coal which brought the steelworks of the Broken Hill Proprietary Company to Newcastle in 1915, and, attracted by the magnet of steel, heavy industry soon established itself at Newcastle, making it the industrial heart of the nation. To-day Newcastle has a weekly capacity of over 20,000 tons of steel, and from a network of subsidiary industries come a multitude of steel products. Half Newcastle's 127,000 population depend in one way or another on the Australian steel industry.

long been a granary for Europe, shipping across the seas wheat, sugar, meat, farm products, fruits and wines. Its huge pastoral lands have produced great wealth from wool and cattle. But over the last two generations large-scale industries have been developed, too. Its mineral resources, by no means fully exploited yet, have proved very large; iron-ore, gold, copper, silver, lead, zinc, mica and wolfram. It produces steel, textiles, glassware, precision instruments, chemicals, ships and aeroplanes and motor-cars.

The impetus of the Second World War—when the continent was more or less isolated beneath Japanese aggression—made it essential to create new manufactures and expand the old. To-day the man-power engaged in factory production is almost double that of pastoral and agricultural work: 889,000 workers as against 450,000. And still more are urgently needed in both fields.

It was this need for more people which brought the present immigration policy into being. As the Hon. A. A. Calwell expressed it during his term as Minister for Immigration, when this policy was framed:

"The Pacific War taught us Australians a lesson we must never forget—that in any future war we can never hope to hold our country unaided against a powerful invader. We may only have the next twenty-five years to prepare to meet such a challenge. We need increased population to develop fully our great country, and to assist the expansion of its economy. A population of 15,000,000, for instance, would at least treble the industrial output of Australia."

A more immediate target was the raising of the population from 8,000,000 to 10,000,000 within ten years, aiming at 11,000,000 by 1960. It is significant that, when a change of government occurred in 1950, the Liberal Government made little alteration in this policy, clearly demonstrating that this was an issue above party politics, a truly national affair. Faced with a low birth-rate, and the lack of skilled labour brought about by the depression years, when few young men learned trades, a much larger work force had somehow to be found. Naturally, the Government turned first to Britain. In March 1946 an agreement was announced whereby free and assisted migrants should travel to Australia. It was hoped then to absorb some 70,000 every year. When the scheme came into being in March 1947, there were close on 95,000 applications, representing 240,000 people, with dependants. All manner of people applied, from doctors to unskilled labourers, though the large majority consisted of skilled tradesmen and professional men. But lack of shipping made it impossible to transport anything like the target figure.

More than 250,000 British migrants have come to live permanently in Australia, 75,000 arriving during the past year. Nearly half of these came on their own initiative, paying their fares themselves. The remainder were passengers under the free and assisted passages scheme with accommodation arranged by friends and relatives, by employers or by the Immigration Department.

In 1947 the Government accepted a new moral responsibility which was to have far-reaching consequences. As a member of U.N.O. and the International Refugee Organisation which it had set up, she was obliged to help solve the problem of the displaced persons roaming Europe at the end of the war. Hundreds of thousands of them were unable, or did not wish, to return to their homelands. Large numbers were skilled workers; the rest were willing to take

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THE ENTRANCE TO THE STATE IMMIGRATION HOSTEL AT ADELAIDE: New arrivals from Britain waiting to check-in after disembarking from the liner. Reception depots have been set up in each port of disembarkation in Australia. For those arriving in Australia under the British and Australian Governments' free and assisted passages schemes, free accommodation is provided at these depots.

THE YOUNG FAMILY, NOW FIRMLY ESTABLISHED IN THE LAND OF THEIR ADOPTION, SET OUT ON A SHOPPING EXPEDITION FROM THEIR HOME IN ADELAIDE: In the background are typical suburban homes. The standard of housing in Australia is generally high, and a big proportion of homes in the major cities are set in tree-lined streets such as this. There are some slum areas in Australia, but their eradication is high on the Government's plans for housing betterment.

THE NEW AUSTRALIANS

(*Continued from previous page*)

AUSTRALIA'S GARDEN CAPITAL CITY—PART OF THE SUBURBS OF CANBERRA, THE NATIONAL CAPITAL WHICH IS BUILT ON FEDERAL TERRITORY : Canberra is numbered among the world's few wholly-planned cities, and possesses a charm that will grow as the city expands. Wide, tree-lined roads link its residential areas with its office blocks and public buildings, its shopping centres with its wide recreational reserves. Parliament, with its setting of lawns and trees, is the focal-point of the Canberra plan.

A CAMP FOR NEW AUSTRALIANS ESTABLISHED ON THE BANKS OF THE SNOWY RIVER AT JINDABYNE: The New Australians are working on the great dam construction project which will lead to the submersion of this valley. The water will, indeed, stretch to the foothills in the distance, and the town of Jindabyne will be submerged. Many New Australians are working on Government development projects.

whatever jobs could be found. Australia agreed to accept 12,000 annually, a figure that was later to be greatly increased.

The first detachment reached Fremantle in a U.S. Army transport during November 1947, more than 800 men and women from Latvia, Lithuania and Estonia. Their coming aroused a good deal of public attention, for it was realised even then that this was the beginning of a new phase in national progress. A wartime Army camp near the great Hume Dam, in Northern Victoria, was thrown open for them, converted into a reception and training centre. As they began to learn the elements of English, to hear about the Australian way of living, to see films revealing the breadth and scope of the country, to spend their leisure time swimming in the Murray River and walking through the sunlit bush, these homeless people rediscovered a faith in a new life.

Within the next six months another 4,000 had arrived. There were Balts and Slavs, Hungarians, Italians, Dutch, as well as 1,800 Polish ex-Servicemen who came in under a separate scheme. They went straight to Tasmania, working on one of a series of new hydro-electric schemes. They worked side by side with Australians. They were given the same wages, rights and conditions. Since then most of them have been naturalised.

It is significant that, from the very start, the Government discouraged any slighting reference to these newcomers as "refugees" or "aliens." They were termed simply "New Australians."

By far their most important contribution has been in the building of great construction works, which might well have been postponed through shortages of labour and materials. Australia emerged from the war a major industrial nation, with big contracts at home and overseas. But the reserves of power were lacking. Coal for the factories and power houses was desperately short.

The alternative was to harness the water resources of several mountain areas. Tasmania was the first to move. This rugged and fertile island, with its swift-running rivers, its clear, soft water and undeveloped hinterland, at once stimulated the imagination of engineers. The beautiful Derwent Valley, of course, had been industrialised before the war. Less than 100 miles from the maritime city of Hobart a great dam and power house sends hydro-electric power flowing down to a big newsprint mill, Cadbury's chocolate factory, the treatment plant operated by Electrolytic Zinc. Yet the countryside remains unspoiled; there are hopfields, cherry and apple orchards, sheep grazing and many tranquil landscapes beyond the drooping willows by the river. Now the power station has been enlarged, a new dam built, other projects pushed ahead in different regions.

Tasmania has been described as the future power-house of Australia. Its industrial prospects are almost unlimited. Geographically compact, with a bracing climate, plentiful water, coal reserves, an abundance of fish, timber, fruit, metals, it is going to produce far more wealth than it has done in the past as a predominantly pastoral land. Much British capital has already flowed in since the war, and new subsidiaries have been opened up, production ranging from milk foods to textiles and canned fish.

On the mainland the largest constructional work under way is the £220,000,000 Snowy River Scheme. It is a challenging project, one that plans, among other things, to lift a whole river across a mountain range. Within twenty-five years a chain of hydro-electric stations will double Australia's present industrial power. By harnessing the snowfields of the towering Southern Alps, new power will be relayed hundreds of miles to Sydney and Melbourne, with a further network down the Murray River, where more decentralised industries will spring to life. Until now the 7,000-ft. Mount Kosciusko has looked down only upon ski-ers racing over the snows, some lonely dingo trapper's camp, or stockmen grazing their cattle upon the sweet alpine grasses. This is the legendary country of the "Man from Snowy River," though the hard-riding stockman of that ballad would more likely be found to-day behind the wheel of a tractor or upon a crane.

From these snowfields, larger than those of Switzerland, three rivers rise. The Murray and Murrumbidgee run 1,000 miles westward to irrigate semi-arid plains which for the past generation or two have produced abundantly: oranges and peaches, fat lambs, dried fruits, wine grapes, wheat, rice, olives, almonds and dairy foods. But there are more lands yet to be opened up, once the waters of the Snowy are diverted.

Thousands of men are at work already in the Alps. Again large numbers of them are New Australians.

A STOCKMAN AND HIS DOGS GUARD THE FLOCK: This fine aerial view was taken at a time of heavy flooding in the hinterland, when food had to be dropped to the stock from the air. This concentration of the flock was carried out in order to save the sheep from harm as bales of hay were being dropped from aeroplanes.

A COTTAGE AT KILDONAN FOR CHILD MIGRANTS: One of the children's establishments in Australia dealing with the reception of child migrants from Britain is Kildonan, the Presbyterian Church's modern home at Burwood, an outer suburb of Melbourne. Kildonan, which is laid out on the cottage system, is being extended at a cost of £80,000 to provide accommodation for 125 British children of school age. New cottages, a kindergarten, kitchen, laundry and administrative quarters will be built. At present Kildonan accommodates 110 Australian children aged from two-and-a-half to fourteen, who live in the bright, home-like atmosphere of the cottages. There are thirty to a cottage, each of which is under the care of a "house mother." A trained kindergartener and four "house mothers" run the kindergarten section. A school is conducted by the Victoria State Education Department at the home.

Young men taking up jobs there to-day will have grown-up sons before the work is through. Many huge dams have to be built, timbered hillsides cleared, roads cut down mountain-sides, construction camps erected amid the winter snows and the mud and heat of summer. Engineers plan to channel the Snowy through tunnels 3,000 ft. below the highest peaks to join the other rivers. One of these tunnels is to be 30 miles long. Just as the Tasmanian dam-builders found they had to go overseas for the labour they required, so did the Snowy River Commission send one of its officers to Europe.

He made contact with a dozen Governments, advertised for skilled men, gave them trade tests on the spot and paid their passages to Australia. In Germany he secured 600 carpenters and Diesel fitters, despatching an advance party of them by air to run up housing for the rest. Most of the other nationals came to the Commission through the Immigration Department. Then it took its ambitious programme a stage further by calling for contractors to handle different projects. These contracts were let to overseas firms. A Dutch firm of constructional engineers came out, bringing its own workmen. Italians successfully tendered for the administrative block and dwellings at Cooma, again supplying their own men. A contract to build a big dam across the river, three miles of tunnel, a power station and pipelines 3,000 ft. in length, was let to a company in Norway, which brought out some 200 Norwegians. They have proved ideal workers for the job, since climatic conditions so closely resemble their own. There seems little doubt that these energetic Northerners will complete their big programme, as the contract stipulates, by 1954.

A vital feature of these contracts is that overseas companies agree to supply not only skilled workers, but 90 per cent. of all materials in short supply within Australia.

All told, some thirty nationalities have come together to carry through the greatest adventure in engineering Australia has yet known. Cooma, the main town in the Alps, was once a drowsy, somewhat ingrown place, where the drawling tones of the stockman was the only accent heard. To-day, as you walk up and down the lively streets at a week-end, you may hear men and women talking in almost every European tongue.

The same new accents may be heard in scores of isolated towns through the back country, far from civilised centres. They are helping to make new roads over the western plains, feeder roads to improve the transport of beef cattle to coastal meat-works for markets at home and overseas. They are winning coal from open-cut mines in outback Queensland and South Australia. They maintain railway tracks, produce salt and flax, work on dairy farms, clear scrub for new wheatlands in Western Australia, cut timber in Northern Queensland. In the Broken Hill Proprietary's steelworks at Newcastle and Port Kembla they are boosting the output so urgently needed for factories, construction works and housing.

Economists recently computed that, between July 1947 and June 1951, 250,000 migrant workers in industry added £348,000,000-worth of production to the nation's capital.

Paying tribute to this effort, the Hon. Harold Holt, present Minister for Immigration, said: "Migrant labour has assisted greatly in breaking bottlenecks in production of iron and steel, bricks, tiles, cement and building materials."

Of course, one should not imagine that they are the dominant labour force, for they comprise only 7 per cent. of Australian workers. But what they have achieved might otherwise not have been done at all. From the beginning it was officially recognised that the immigrant and the Australian-born employee must work side by side. So the Trades Union Movement, unlike in earlier days of immigration, was behind the Government's plans. There was to be no disturbance of working conditions, and the Australian Council of Trades Unions was associated with the Commonwealth Department of Immigration from the outset in an advisory and consultative capacity. New Australians and British immigrants responded willingly, by joining the unions covering their occupations.

Although I.R.O. has now been wound up, there is no likelihood of the stream of migrants falling off. More direct methods are now employed to recruit them. The Commonwealth Government has set up offices in The Hague and Rome, working also concurrently with the Australian Immigration office in Western Germany. By agreement with Italy and the Netherlands, those Governments subsidising the cost of passages for approved migrants. Applicants are carefully screened by security officers, insurance against admitting those with Nazi or Communist affiliations; they are X-rayed for tuberculosis and medically examined. On their arrival they are housed in special reception centres,

(*Continued on following page*)

AN AUSTRALIAN DROVER ON THE ROAD WITH HIS SHEEP AT BRIGHT, VICTORIA: During recent years record prices have been paid for Australian greasy superfine merino wool, and in one financial year alone Australia's income from wool was over £286,000,000. The past 150 years have brought many changes in Australia's wool-growing industry, and it is no longer based on the vast, open sheep-runs of the pioneering days. Sub-division and closer settlement have, indeed, reduced the size of properties enormously.

THE MELBOURNE SKYLINE : This aerial view, with the Yarra River in the background, shows some of the imposing buildings of the capital of Victoria. Melbourne is a quiet, solid city of 1,250,000 people. Melbourne's lack of original scenic beauty has been more than compensated by parks and gardens.

The New Australians

(*Concluded from previous page*)

given a basic education in English, often by oral and illustrative methods, then tested for aptitude in particular trades and allocated to jobs in which they contract to remain for two years. Immediately they start they are paid wages similar to those earned by Australians in the same class of work.

The public works and hydro-electric schemes are under way, even though drastic cuts have lately been made in favour of rearmament ; blue-prints exist for expanding coal and steel production, shipbuilding, manufacturing plants. But a severe crisis threatens the production of food. Experts have warned that within ten years Australia—one of the world's main beef-producing countries—will have to import beef to feed its growing population unless the cattle industry is reorganised. Four million acres less land are under wheat than before the war, though Australia alone has 1,500,000 more mouths to feed. Before long, butter, bread, vegetables and other essential foods may be in short supply. King Wool has brought great wealth to the country, but it has also persuaded farmers to grow more sheep, with reckless disregard for all else. Industrialisation may well have been too rapid, for to-day no fewer than 60 per cent. of the total population live within a 100-mile radius of Sydney and Melbourne.

Here is one field in which the migrant programme has not succeeded, for originally it was intended to place large numbers of them in rural industries. Some British people have gone on the land, some thousands of Dutch farmers. But too many have drifted back into the cities, partly because Australia's pastoral and agricultural conditions are very different from the close-set fields of Europe. The true bushman takes several generations to evolve.

In the context of a modern world jostling for elbow room, demanding more and more food, and with an awakened and militant Asia, this country must develop its " wide, open spaces " to the limit of its powers, however difficult the problems. Much is being achieved. Scientists in the Commonwealth Scientific and Industrial Research Organisation have made fertile South Australia's " Ninety-mile Desert," simply by the application of minute dressings of zinc and copper ; they have experimental stations in Queensland, the Northern Territory and the Kimberleys, testing new forms of tropical agriculture ; rice, cotton, tobacco and new pastures ; two private airlines have set up an Air Beef Scheme, flying chilled beef from the Kimberleys' rugged hinterland to Wyndham for export, although this is the first real attempt to modernise the rather stagnant cattle industry in the north. Perhaps these vast, undeveloped and stubborn areas of tropical Australia will only be developed under the pressure of population from the Southern States.

As the rate of migration continues, that must come. Already its scope has been larger than anything the continent has known since the gold rushes of the 1850's attracted the first tide of migrants from Europe. The pre-war isolation has vanished, the sometimes narrow and conservative outlook of a self-conscious nationalism. New people are bringing new ideas with them. There is a quickening of social life, new tastes and cultural expression. You notice it in the restaurants, the varied delicatessen shops, in newly-introduced fabrics, architecture, crafts and small industries, in larger audiences for the many symphony concerts and ballet programmes. In the Bathurst Migrant Centre a group of New Australians recently produced a Mozart opera ; others in Melbourne created a ballet with the very Australian theme of " Waltzing Matilda."

The Australian tradition of life is strongly enough developed to benefit from an injection of more cosmopolitan ideas. The acquisition of so many New Australians is going a long way towards creating a new Australia.

AN ENGLISH FAMILY IN MELBOURNE : The Joneses, formerly of North Wembley, London, seen on a shopping expedition in the suburb of Elsternwick. After the war Mr. Jones gave up his scrap-iron business in Shepherd's Bush and migrated to Australia in order, as he declared at the time, to give his children a start in life in a new country.

OFFICE WORKERS TAKE LUNCH IN ONE OF SYDNEY'S SUNNY PARKS : They can do this practically all the year round, so equable is the climate of coastal New South Wales.

OFF THE PRODUCTION LINE AT FISHERMEN'S BEND : New cars at General Motors-Holden's works in Melbourne. There is also a body-building plant in South Australia.

ONE OF PERTH'S BEST-KNOWN VIEWS IS ACROSS THE CITY FROM KING'S PARK : This is a 1,000-acre reserve of natural bushland, preserved on Mount Eliza, almost in the centre of Perth. One side of the Mount runs down to the city, and another drops steeply to the river's edge, along which runs Mount's Bay Road, at the Perth end of the highway from the port of Fremantle.

ADELAIDE, THE SOUTH AUSTRALIAN CAPITAL : In the foreground is the railway station and on the left the State Parliament House. Adelaide is the oldest municipality in Australia. It takes its name from Queen Adelaide, Consort of King William IV. Surrounding the city and completely separating it from the suburbs are the encircling park lands, amounting to about 1,710 acres.

THE MISSING CONTINENT

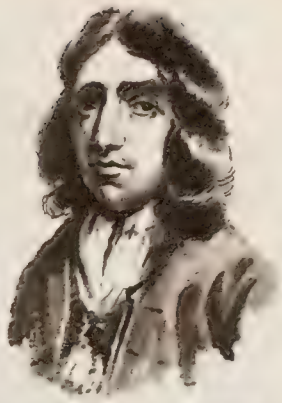
HOW AUSTRALIA WAS PUT ON THE MAP

Written and Illustrated

By VICTOR COVERLEY-PRICE

CAPTAIN JAMES COOK: Born in 1728, the son of a farm labourer, he became the most distinguished Pacific pioneer.

THE DUTCH NAVIGATOR DIRK HARTOG LANDS ON THE WESTERN COAST OF AUSTRALIA: This was in 1616, when very little was known of the continent, but after this landing and Hartog's discovery of the island that bears his name, other Dutchmen continued exploration along the coasts.



CAPTAIN WILLIAM DAMPIER: A Pacific explorer whose earlier career was that of buccaneer.

IN these days, when man splits the atom and delves into the mysteries of the outer stars, it is difficult to believe that Australia, a large continent inhabited by a nation that now plays an important part in world affairs, was at one time missing from the map: and that was not much more than 300 years ago. In the sixteenth century very little was known in Europe about the Southern Hemisphere, but a belief persisted that there must be a great land mass somewhere in the vast southern ocean, although the first probings in that direction, encouraged by the demand for tropical scents and spices, had revealed only scattered islands. Gradually, however, the seafaring nations—first the Portuguese and the Spaniards, then the Dutch and finally the English—lifted the veil from the secrets of the Pacific.

Prominent among the pioneers were the Spaniard Luis Vaez de Torres, the Portuguese pilot Pedro Fernandez de Quiros (who sailed under the Spanish flag), and the Dutch navigator Dirk Hartog, who was probably the first to land on the Australian mainland. In 1642 another Dutchman named Tasman sailed along the southern coast of Tasmania, which he believed to be the most southerly part of the Pacific continent. Later, he reached the southern island of New Zealand, which he imagined might be the north-westernmost extremity of an Antarctic continent.

English adventurers were not far behind the Dutch in this unmapped region, and in 1688 an English vessel, the *Cygnet*, visited the west coast of Australia. On board was William Dampier, whose early career had been that of a buccaneer. Born 300 years ago, in May or June, 1652, he was the son of a Somersetshire farmer. Although he was not a particularly good ship's commander, he was a remarkable draughtsman and a most astute observer of the flora and fauna of the countries that he visited, and the descriptions in his journals of native manners and customs were outstandingly detailed and accurate for that epoch.

A DOUBLE CANOE, TYPICAL OF THE STRANGE NATIVE CRAFT ENCOUNTERED BY THE PACIFIC EXPLORERS: Some of the craft, with their high, carved prows, hardly looked seaworthy, but they often made remarkable voyages among the Pacific islands.

AN IMPRESSION OF CAPTAIN COOK'S BARK H.M.S. "ENDEAVOUR": She was of 368 tons, constructed at Whitby and bought by the Admiralty.

After his long voyage in the Pacific, Dampier broke away from his disreputable companions and returned to England where, in 1697, he published a most successful book about his world-wide travels and exploits. This evidence of his ability helped him to obtain a position in the service of the Customs House in London, and he thus made contact with the Admiralty. In 1699 he persuaded the Admiralty to put him in command of the *Roebuck*, in which he sailed via the Cape of Good Hope to the west coast of Australia. But he found the country dry and inhospitable and the natives savage and ugly. In search of water, he sailed northwards to the island of Timor, where he made contact with Dutch and Portuguese settlements, and thence to New Guinea. Unfortunately, on the way back to England his ship sprang a leak and had to be abandoned at the island of Ascension. Still worse, his crew charged him with cruelty and a court of inquiry found him guilty, so that he could not again command one of the King's ships. But he brought back with him excellent descriptions of some of the smaller islands that he had discovered.

During the next fifty years little was added to the existing knowledge about Australia, which had enabled geographers to piece together a rough outline of the northern, western and southern coasts, from Cape York to Tasmania (believed to be part of the mainland). Many of the groups of islands scattered about the Pacific could be indicated on the map, but the information was fragmentary and much of New Zealand still remained to be discovered or explored. Practically nothing was known about the east coast of Australia, although in 1765 the French explorer Louis Antoine de Bougainville encountered the Great Barrier Reef.

Two hundred years ago—in 1752—James Cook, the son of a farm labourer in Yorkshire, became mate of a collier at the age of twenty-four, and this success opened the way to a career in the Royal Navy that enabled him eventually to become the most distinguished of the pioneers in Australasia. In 1768 the Admiralty appointed him to command H.M.S. *Endeavour*, with instructions to convey a party of scientists to Tahiti and to make a determined effort to establish the extent of the supposed southern continent. Among the scientists were Joseph Banks—afterwards knighted—a wealthy gentleman with an enthusiastic interest in botany and zoology, and Dr. Daniel Solander, a Swedish naturalist and pupil of Linnæus. The scientific results of the expedition were of very considerable importance, and full justice has probably not yet been done to Sir Joseph Banks as a generous patron of science and as an accomplished exponent of scientific investigation in other parts of the world besides the Pacific. The geographical results were of tremendous significance. After visiting Tahiti and the surrounding islands, Captain Cook continued his mission in the direction of New Zealand, where the first landing by Europeans was made in Poverty Bay. Subsequently he sailed right round the two large islands, proving that they had no connection with any continent, and on January 30, 1770, he took possession of the South island in the name of King George III. Two months later he sailed westwards until he again sighted land, which proved to be the south-eastern extremity of the mainland of Australia. Conditions for landing were bad; but at last, on his way northwards, he took shelter in Botany Bay, where he found a refreshing landscape but unfriendly natives. After some days he continued northwards and eventually rounded Cape York, rediscovering the important strait between New Guinea and Australia, the existence of which had been a Spanish secret ever since de Torres had first sailed through it in 1605. Captain Cook took possession, on behalf of King George III, of the whole eastern coast of Australia, naming it—for some unexplained reason—New South Wales, and he returned to England in June of the following year.

Soon afterwards he sailed again for the same region, this time in command of the *Resolution* (462 tons) and accompanied by the *Adventure*, an even smaller vessel. During this voyage, which lasted three years, numerous islands, both large and small, were discovered in the Southern Hemisphere. In 1776 he set out on his third and last voyage, in the course of which he discovered the archipelago that we usually call the Hawaiian Islands, though he named them the Sandwich Islands (still their alternative name) after John Montagu, fourth Earl of Sandwich, who was First Lord of the Admiralty at that time. He then spent some months exploring the western and north-western coasts of North America. On his way south again he re-visited the Sandwich Islands, only to be killed by natives in a skirmish on the shore of Hawaii, the largest island of the group.

BOTANY BAY, THE FIRST LANDING-PLACE OF CAPTAIN COOK ON THE MAINLAND OF AUSTRALIA: Although Cook reported that Botany Bay was suitable for colonisation, it was soon found that Port Jackson, the finest harbour in the world, offered better prospects.

Captain Cook is the outstanding figure in the history of discovery in the Pacific area. Not only was he one of the greatest of British navigators, but he took the utmost care of the health of his men, he showed kindness and sympathy to the natives, and his journals are remarkable for his shrewd observations and accurate descriptions.

It is interesting to recall that Captain William Bligh, of *Bounty* fame, began his experiences in Australasia as navigating officer in the *Resolution* on Captain Cook's second voyage. Nearly thirty-five years later he became Governor of New South Wales, the area that Cook had claimed for Britain.

Towards the end of the eighteenth century and in the early years of the nineteenth, other explorers—notably George Vancouver, Matthew Flinders, George Bass and the French captain Baudin—added to our knowledge of Australasia; but by that time the era of development had begun. The first convict settlement on the continent was established at Botany Bay in 1788 and, although the early attempts at colonisation were not always creditable to the British authorities, the foundations of a great nation in Australia were gradually being laid.

GUILDFORD'S GREAT CATHEDRAL

WILL IT EVER BE COMPLETED?

Ask the Passers-by Who Perceive the Modest Developments from Year to Year

COMMEMORATING THE FIRST BISHOP OF GUILDFORD : A close-up of the arms of Bishop Greig, carved in Doulting stone. Bishop Greig became the first Bishop of Guildford after the formation of the Diocese in May 1927. The foundation-stone of the Cathedral was laid in 1936 and one-third had been completed when construction work was halted by the war. It was not until 1948 that construction was restarted; since then only six men have been at work on the edifice. Much money must be raised for the completion of the first part of the Cathedral.

A NICHE IN ST. URSULA'S PORCH : Vernon Hill's stone carving of St. Ursula, the Cornish Princess who, according to legend, was martyred by the Huns at Cologne in the fourth or fifth century. The figure is in memory of the wife of Mr. William Fitz-Simon, a citizen of Whitby.

THE CATHEDRAL ON STAG HILL : A view from the south-east, showing the south transept, chancel and partly-completed tower. The Cathedral will ultimately be 365 ft. long, 40 ft. wide and 68 ft. high. The tower, now only 85 ft. high, will rise to a height of 175 ft. The site was given to the Diocese by the late Lord Bennett of Calgary, one-time Prime Minister of Canada. At present, Holy Trinity Church is being used as a pro-Cathedral.

INSIDE THE GREAT CATHEDRAL OF RED BRICK AND CLIPSHAM STONE : *Left*—Looking along the ambulatory of the north side of the Cathedral, with the foundation-stone on the left. *Right*—The east end of the building as it is to-day. On the outside wall is the memorial to the great sculptor Eric Gill.

Standing on the top of Stag Hill, a spur of the Hog's Back, is the imposing, part-finished Cathedral of the modern Diocese of Guildford. The Diocese was formed in 1927 and, until such time as a Cathedral could be built, the Diocesan authorities agreed to use Holy Trinity Church as the seat of the Bishopric. In 1936 building operations on the new Cathedral actually began and a roadway was driven up Stag Hill for the vehicles bringing materials to the site. Work went ahead steadily until 1939, when the war intervened, and thereafter even maintenance operations were not upon an adequate scale. By 1939 one-third of the building had been finished. In 1948 a fresh start was made, and much of the east end up to the crossing and tower has now been completed. Since that date the six men working on the great Cathedral have roofed in the north and south transepts, the central crossing, carried the tower walls up to the level of the bell-ringing chamber, and closed the west end of the temporary walls.

That, at present, is the state of the Cathedral, which was intended to have been partly completed and opened for worship in 1941. The nave has yet to be built. The Diocesan authorities have now put out an urgent appeal for £86,000 to enable the first part to be finished and furnished; for it is not the delay in the issue of building licences alone that causes the great hindrance in the erection of the Cathedral. Meanwhile services are being held in the small crypt chapel situated under the Lady Chapel. When the Cathedral is finished the crypt chapel will be used as a choir-practice room.

The new Cathedral, which is being constructed in the Cruciform style, is the first to be built in the Province of Canterbury for over 500 years. It is being built on land given by Viscount Bennett in commemoration of the association between the Dominion of Canada and the Diocese of Guildford in two World Wars. The design is by Edward Maufe. At the extreme east end of the Cathedral is the memorial to Eric Gill, the sculptor responsible for much of the building's stone carvings. The memorial forms a small rose window surmounted by a relief of the Crucifixion. On the south side is the St. Ursula porch, the gift of Mr. W. Fitz-Simon. It has bronze doors with crozier handles denoting that it is the Bishop's entrance, and is crowned with the Diocesan arms.

THE TEMPORARY FONT IN THE CATHEDRAL'S CRYPT CHAPEL : The font was designed in Clipsham stone by Edward Maufe, R.A., the Cathedral's architect. It is not intended for general use in the completed building.

The present Bishop of Guildford is the third of the Diocese. He is the Right Rev. H. C. Montgomery Campbell, who was enthroned in the pro-Cathedral of Holy Trinity on St. Andrew's Day, 1949. Before that he was Bishop Suffragan of Kensington.

CALL ME MADAM

A New Musical Satire at the London Coliseum Tilts at American Relations with a Small but Independent European State

AN AMERICAN SECRETARY OF STATE ON THE STAGE OF THE LONDON COLISEUM: Robert Henderson impersonates Mr. Dean Acheson in Jack Hylton's production of the Broadway success, *Call Me Madam*, which opens to-night, Saturday, at the Coliseum. With him is Billie Worth as Mrs. Sally Adams, an United States woman Ambassador in Europe.

Once again an American musical show comes to London. *Call Me Madam* has been running on Broadway for 2½ years, with Ethel Merman in the part taken here by Billie Worth. In the American production, film-star Paul Lukas plays the Prime Minister of Lichtenburg, here taken by film-star Anton Walbrook. The music and lyrics of *Call Me Madam* are by Irving Berlin and the book by two Pulitzer Prize-winners—Howard Lindsay and Russel Crouse. The story concerns an American woman Ambassador to a small European state which refuses Marshall Aid. It introduces the United States Secretary of State, Mr. Dean Acheson. The Lord Chamberlain has relaxed his ruling against living people being impersonated on the stage for the production.

A SINGING AMBASSADRESS: Billie Worth sings one of the Irving Berlin numbers in *Call Me Madam*. Miss Worth last visited England in 1935, when she toured in *Anything Goes!* She was then on her honeymoon with Donald Burr, who is also in *Call Me Madam*, in the part of Pemberton Maxwell, an Embassy official.

PRINCIPAL DANCERS: George Carden and Olga Roberts in "The Lichtenburg Fair" scene in *Call Me Madam*. George Carden has arranged the dances for the new show. He is already known to London audiences as a member of the cast of another American musical, *Kiss Me, Kate*.

BILLIE WORTH AND ANTON WALBROOK: Walbrook plays the part of the Lichtenburg aristocrat who becomes Prime Minister. He was last seen in London in 1948, when he played in *The Wild Duck*. He may also be seen in London in the French film *La Ronde*, in which his singing voice is also heard.

A VIEW OF THE GREAT CHUBB METEORITE CRATER IN NORTHERN QUEBEC: The crater was discovered two years ago by the prospector after whom it is named. An expedition last summer established that it is of meteoritic origin and that it is 1,350 ft. deep from the top of the rim to the bottom of the lake inside. With a circumference of 6½ miles, the Chubb crater is twice the size of the El Diablo crater in Arizona, previously thought to be the largest of meteoritic origin.

THE WORLD'S BIGGEST METEORITE CRATER

The Chubb Crater, Discovered in 1950 by a Prospector, Will be the Object of a Geological Expedition this Summer

AN expedition is to leave, this coming summer, for the wilderness of bare rock and ice in the extreme north of Canada's Quebec Province, near the shores of Hudson Bay, to study a crater made by a meteorite rather more than twice the size of that which crashed to earth in the Turukhansk region of Siberia forty-four years ago. The explosion caused by the Siberian meteorite flattened trees 50 miles from the point of contact, knocked people down 400 miles away, produced a seismic shock recorded by every observatory in the world and a thunderous roar heard 1,000 miles away, and left a crater nearly a mile across.

The impact of the meteorite which caused the Chubb crater of Northern Quebec (named after the prospector who found it in 1950) must have been very much greater. After the expedition to it last summer, Dr. Ben Meen, of the Toronto Royal Museum, said the impact made a crater 1,350 ft. deep, threw up a circular rim of rock reaching 550 ft. in height, and, as a stone causes ripples in water, so the impact of the Chubb meteorite is recorded in rock ripples from 35 to 50 ft. high extending for two miles from the centre of the crater.

He described the country—and the crater—in these words: "As we started up the 25-degrees slope of the rim we appeared to be in a tumbled heap of granite fragments. At length, after a climb of nearly 300 ft., we reached the top and looked down into the crater. We were so awed by what we saw that I don't believe we even spoke. Hundreds of feet beneath us lay a perfectly circular lake in a crater whose walls rose steeply in a slope of 45 degrees. No sound broke the stillness except the continuous grind of the ice on the water far below and the wind blowing across the crater rim."

Three weeks' work with the mine detectors and magnetometers produced no conclusive evidence of the presence of meteorite fragments. Indeed, Dr. Meen had decided to pack up his equipment, when magnetic reactions came from deep under the eastern part of the crater-rim.

The fact that no meteorite fragments were found suggests that the meteorite may be buried in the rock beneath the eastern fringe of the crater-rim. Scientists now want to know if the meteorite exploded on contact, or if it is buried deep in the rock.

TWO OF THE CANADIAN SCIENTISTS WHO EXPLORED THE CHUBB CRATER: Dr. Victor Ben Meen, the Toronto geologist (left), who led the expedition, and Dr. I. W. Jones, of the Quebec Department of Mines, are standing on the granite rim which was thrown up by the impact of the meteorite. Below them is the 850-ft.-deep lake.

THE CHUBB CRATER, IN THE SUB-ARCTIC DESERT NEAR THE SHORES OF HUDSON BAY, SEEN FROM THE AIR: Giant meteorites seem to have a fortunate predilection for desert spaces; if one such as this struck a big city it would cause far more damage than the most destructive atom bomb. Scientists are wondering whether it is possible to exploit the concentrated minerals of such meteorites believed to be buried beneath the earth.

It was indeed fortunate that this part of the world was uninhabited at the time of the impact 15,000 years ago. By good fortune the larger meteorites have invariably fallen in sparsely-populated areas. The British astronomer Kirk Patrick calculated that if the Turukhansk meteorite had fallen 5 hours 46 mins. sooner it would have wiped out the city of Leningrad (St. Petersburg, as it was then). The damage would have been greater than the largest atom bomb could accomplish.

The passage of a big meteorite is accompanied by weird noises, variously described as "like the bellowing of oxen . . ., the tearing of sheet-iron or the roaring of a fire in a chimney." One can hardly imagine the noise made by such as the Chubb and the Turukhansk meteorites.

Only eleven meteorites are known to have fallen in the British Isles. The last one, a chunk of rock and mineral weighing 1 lb. 12 ozs., crashed through the roof of a hotel at Beddgelert, Wales, at 3.15 on the morning of September 21, 1950: the proprietor awoke to a tremendous roaring sound and, rushing downstairs, he found a black object about the size of a cricket-ball lying on the floor of the lounge.

The larger meteorites were once thought to explode when they hit the earth. There is evidence that some do: for example, the famous El Diablo crater in Arizona is surrounded by a ring of meteorite fragments. In the past it was not possible to locate a meteorite buried hundreds of feet in the earth. But scientists of the past did not have the advantage of the magnetic instruments which, invented during the last war to locate submerged submarines, made it possible for post-war scientists to prove conclusively that the meteorites which made some of the largest craters did not explode.

Mineral ores caused Dr. Ben Meen's magnetometer to vibrate when he stood on the eastern rim of the Chubb crater last summer. There was no sign of mineral deposits anywhere else in this part of Northern Quebec, and it is therefore reasonable to suppose that the ore deep beneath the lake in the Chubb crater forms at least part of the meteorite that caused the crater.

Frank Illingworth

A NEW EXHIBITION OF CONTEMPORARY SCULPTURE

Works by Epstein and Bainbridge Copnall are Included in this Diverse Exhibition in London

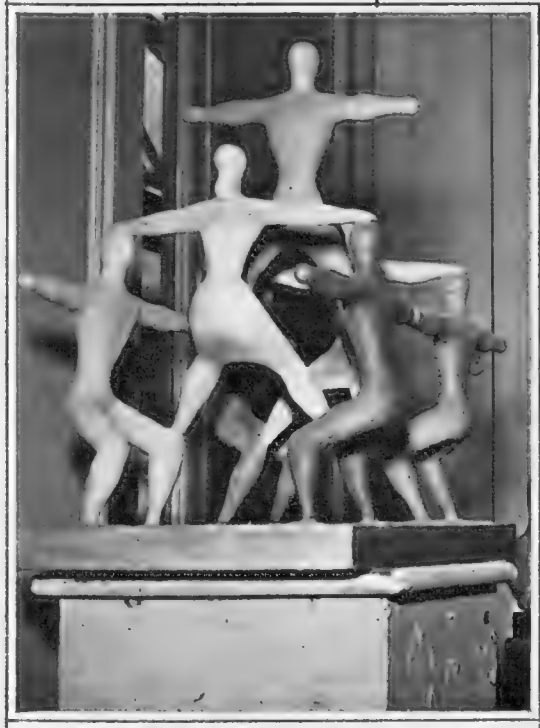
"STANDING WOMAN," A FIGURE CARVED IN ELM BY WILI SOUKOP WHICH IS INCLUDED IN THE INTERNATIONAL FACULTY OF ARTS' EXHIBITION OF CONTEMPORARY SCULPTURE: The exhibition, at 45, Park Lane, London, was opened by Lord Kennet on March 4 and will continue until March 31. On this page are pictures of some of the 150 pieces by British and foreign sculptors on show. The standard is very high and the quite unprejudiced range, from the academic to the ultra-modern, represents in outline almost every trend of contemporary sculpture. Epstein's latest portrait bust, "New Dawn," is perhaps the most striking exhibit. It has a fine traditional quality, more subdued than many of the artist's recent works.

ARTHUR FLEISCHMANN'S "THE FOUNTAIN," A RECLINING FIGURE IN STONE: The piece has a fine setting at the exhibition arranged by the International Faculty of Arts at 45, Park Lane, London.

AN EXAMPLE OF FINE CONTEMPORARY WOOD-CARVING: This panel done in oak is called "The Fair Almira" and is the work of George H. Paulin. Its formal design is in sharp and restful contrast to the many ultra-modern works at the exhibition.

EPSTEIN'S LATEST PORTRAIT BUST: Entitled "New Dawn," it is a fine study in bronze of Miss Sandra Dorne, the film actress.

A GENERAL VIEW OF A SECTION OF THE PARK LANE SCULPTURE EXHIBITION: In the centre of the floor stands the writhing, dynamic "Birth" by E. Bainbridge Copnall, which has a remarkable resemblance to an Indian totem pole.



A LIVELY EXAMPLE OF MODERN COMPOSITION: This piece, "The Acrobats," by Trevor Tennant, is a sketch for a playground sculpture in concrete.

"GARDEN GROUP"—A FINE EXAMPLE OF STRAIGHTFORWARD REPRESENTATION: This study of a young boy and his feline pets is by George H. Paulin.

SIMPLIFICATION OF FORM IN R. B. CLAUGHTON'S "MAN WITH HORSE": A work in mulberry wood, described by one critic as having "accentuated plastic significance."

OLYMPIA TRANSFORMED FOR THE TWENTY-NINTH IDEAL HOME EXHIBITION: At the end of this broad, green-carpeted avenue flanked by home furnishing exhibits and balanced as if by magic upon a single pole, is the bandstand from which famous bands of the Forces are providing music.

THE HOMES AND GARDENS OF OLYMPIA

SOME ASPECTS OF THE 29TH IDEAL HOME EXHIBITION; A POPULAR ATTRACTION IN A HOUSE-HUNGRY WORLD

This year the Ideal Home Exhibition has surpassed itself, producing quite the best exhibition village in its history, a village in which the visitor can pause to shop as well as to survey homes. At the village green a halt may be made by the famous Meriden stone, transported from the heart of England to grace Olympia, while a call may be made at the village inn, a perfect portrayal of the ideal "local," except for one fact—the landlord is not in a position to pull "a pint of the best." Above all, the visitor may take the opportunity of seeing those new kinds of houses which the Government has devised to speed its attack on the housing shortage. Of particular interest is the Government bungalow designed to give old people a measure of independence and private comfort.

The gardens section is a perennial favourite, and these gardens, in the freshness and charm of their greenery, their blossoming slopes and bright, turfy spaces, are giving many Londoners their first glimpse of spring 1952.

THE LIVING-ROOM OF THE TWO-BEDROOM PEOPLE'S HOUSE: Two examples of the "People's House" and a bungalow for old people are part of a picturesque village set up at the Ideal Home Exhibition. In the village are seventeen shops, an inn on traditional lines, and six fully-furnished homes, three Government-designed and three built by private enterprise. The interior decoration and furnishing has been supervised by the Council of Industrial Design.

THE REGENCY HOUSE DESIGNED FOR A PLOT 46 FT. WIDE: Here is character in this age of standardisation, and it is seen in a house which also combines the virtues of simplicity and easy running. The house is so designed that if built on a larger plot it can include another reception room and two more bedrooms.

THE EXTERIOR OF THE PEOPLE'S HOUSE: These two houses at the Ideal Home Exhibition have been built to two of the plans contained in "Houses 1952," a supplement to the Housing Manual of 1949 recently published by the Minister of Housing. The gabled house could be the home of a youngish family of, say, four, living in a town, and the adjoining house could be for a country family of five.

A FRAGMENT OF THE VERY HEART OF ENGLAND COMES TO THE HEART OF LONDON: This pillar of time-worn sandstone—the centuries-old cross of Meriden said to mark the centre of England—has been lent by the village of Meriden to the Ideal Home Exhibition. After the exhibition it will be taken back to Meriden and erected on a new, specially selected site.

ONE OF THE FOURTEEN GARDEN CREATIONS AT OLYMPIA: At the Exhibition the gardens section is once again a dominant feature. There are formal and semi-formal gardens, some devoted to a particular flower such as the rose or the carnation; others, complete gardens in themselves. This one is an example of the work of George G. Whitelegg, of Knockholt. It is designed on classical lines, with a circular pool and fountain in the centre.

THE ROSE AND CROWN, THE IDEAL VILLAGE INN: Outside it is simplicity epitomised. Within are oak fittings, old pistols and 100-year-old porcelain beer-pulls. The Olympia village, with its inn and its fully-furnished homes standing around the village green, has won enthusiastic praise from visitors, and there is no doubt that it constitutes a great advance on all the villages of the Exhibition's past.

TWO OF THE FORMAL GARDENS IN THE GARDENS SECTION: *Left*—This is an example of a formal garden reproduced in a small area. Stone and brick paving and dry walling are effective features of this scheme by Ralph Hancock. *Right*—In this garden Winkfield Manor Nurseries have brought together a selection of ornamental cherries, peaches, almonds and crabs. The garden seat recess is neatly contrived and is a point of vantage from which to view the tumbling stream.

STATELY HOMES, CRADLES OF CULTURE?

Some Thoughts Prompted by the Belief That Something More Than National Trusteeship May be Required to Keep the Ancient Mansions of England in Being

By JOHN GORE

MEN alive to-day can remember when half the acreage of England was owned by about 2,000 persons. The books of reference listed the acreage owned by this duke or that earl, and one or two of them were able to claim possession of a million.

All that has changed and the change has been rapid. Land is still bought as an investment by colleges, firms and even private individuals, but the new "dukes of a million acres" are not individuals but public bodies, and among them the National Trust ranks high and higher.

It is not very easy to obtain reliable information about the finances of the Trust. It has its rules and regulations which govern acceptance of gifts and the conclusion of covenants, and occasionally it gives out some information which does not go very much into detail. We know that many an offer must be refused on the ground of risk, and that gifts of houses and land may be acceptable only if accompanied by adequate endowment. It depends on the nature and historic interest of the house, its proximity to great cities and its tourist facilities, and in the case of land to its productivity or perhaps its economy of upkeep. I have tried to study available information about National Trust finance and maintenance, and have angled with occasional success for side-lights. But the general conclusion is vague. How long can the Trust expect to continue its present policy, how long can it rely on one valuable source of revenue, the interest of this nation and its overseas visitors in such stately homes as are in commission as museums? Is there a saturation-point of interest on a paying scale for our Montacutes, and so on?

Now, as regards public interest, I can claim to speak with some authority, for I have visited a number of historic show-places open to the public, and from my place in the queue I have heard and noted down *vocem populi*. It is abundantly clear to me that the interest of a large majority of native and overseas visitors centres not on the past but on the present, on the living rather than on the dead. The average visitor gives a glance at the family portraits, is reminded by the Flemish tapestries that "his own hobby is carpet-making," will listen fairly patiently for a few moments when the guide discourses on architecture, but his vital interest is only aroused by matters of to-day, the way in which the flowers are arranged in great bowls in the saloons, the size of the oak logs in the wood baskets; above all, if he can get a peep at them (if the noble owners still occupy a part of the house), in her grace's dressing-table or his lordship's shooting boots on their shelves.

These indisputable facts strongly suggest that the stately homes of England cannot all, and may not long, be maintainable by a revenue made up of entrance fees, as *mere museums*. They were designed for the living, they radiated life, they strongly influenced social life, local and national, and every feature of their architecture and furnishing and past domestic economy cries out that they are damned and doomed as mausoleums, and, if they are to survive in any guise, must survive as living-houses. The bedrooms must be slept in, the drawing-rooms must echo the conversations of modern folk speaking modern language, and the clatter of knives and forks must be heard in the banqueting hall. Can it be done under our present-day austerity and penal taxation? Owners and economists are in no doubt at all that it can't. A valuable authority (Lord Beveridge), speaking to a distant posterity, held out no hope of its being possible for decades to come.

But before we examine new ways and means, let us return for a moment to the whole question of the museumisation (such a pretty word!) of this country.

Competition is keen internationally. There is quite an audible whisper in the world that England is down and out, and even our Commonwealth a dying force. Competition in the world's industrial markets was never keener, and the live wire and the rising star alone can expect to win the dog-fight. We spend much time and money and ingenuity in attracting foreign buyers to our shores and our shop windows, and it seems somewhat illogical to direct them to our cemeteries and memorials of our dead past. Yet that is precisely what we are doing. One by one, we convert our stately homes into mausoleums, museums designed to record their former usefulness, culture, grace and influence, and by brochure and leaflet we endeavour to attract the foreigner (and his half-crown) to a close examination of our dead greatness, to wander in the catacombs of our great ancestors' bones. This seems to me at the best a confession of failure, at the worst a blunder more deadly than a crime.

Have we indeed explored every stately avenue, have we turned over every historic stone, in our endeavour to find a solution to this problem of our great country houses? For my part, I think we have not done so, but have made a weak and wobbly compromise, as we sometimes do in even larger problems.

It is my lot to live in an ugly Victorian house of no architectural merit and no kind of historic interest. If it were otherwise, if I were still "slogging along" as a resident owner of a stately home or historic manor, I should by now have realised that the struggle was beyond me, the end in sight, and I should be considering the possible alternatives and compromises. I should waste little time on expedients for maintaining the old regime for another generation. The cake is being eaten into day by day and the plums have almost disappeared. The scheme for survival must be a new one, the changes radical.

Assume that the *merits* of my old house justify recourse to the National Trust; it cries out for preservation for its unique beauty and historical interest. It is well placed for tourists. It lies near two or three great cities and is well served by transport. If the Trust accept it as a museum capable of maintenance from the entrance fees of tourists, shall I accept the proposition and rely on the Trust's budget prophecies?

I find it very difficult to be convinced that such a budget would safegard the old house for a decade on the arguments and signs I have set forth.

Apart from pure finance and ever-rising costs, my nature, my nurture, my traditions as an owner of such a house, cry out against any expedient which ends the continuity of its existence as a living-house. For three or four centuries it has been a living force and influence, the cradle of new generations and new ideas and a treasure-house of social history, the very roots of the present and of the future. Museumise it and we shall bury it alive. We may preserve its façade of beauty, but we utterly destroy its soul and the purpose of its existence. I therefore must reject any plan which will end its existence as a living-house. And I can place no reliance on any financial arrangements hitherto devised for ensuring its upkeep for years to come on the revenue from accepted scales of endowment and from tourists. It may be argued that museumisation is not the only expedient. The great house may be turned over to a State board, it may become a home for nurses, a group of lecture halls, the offices of a great industry, and so on. None of these expedients carry out the trust deed of its creation. It was built for a family home, for the ideals of social life, for cultural entertainment, for the procreation of children and new ideas in a great tradition of service to Church and State. Nothing else will do if its heart is to continue beating. Does any avenue remain unexplored?

The other day I was reading an adventure story, *Dare to be Free* (quite an apt title), and a part of this great adventure was staged among the monasteries on the slopes of Mount Athos. And from Mount Athos came to me the germ of an idea, a seed well-nigh invisible, which greener thumbs than mine must sow and nurture and develop to maturity.

On Mount Athos there have existed for hundreds of years monastic foundations of all varieties. Corporate service to the monastery, to the Church and to humanity is a common principle, but otherwise they vary greatly in the details of their rules. To some, rich men come bringing their family treasures and inherited wealth, and live cultured lives amid beautiful and even luxurious surroundings. Others recruit rural craftsmen and subsist hardly by husbandry or fishing or forestry. But ideally every monk of every foundation is required to contribute according to his means and abilities to the common good and the maintenance of his House.

Somewhere here I believe there is the germ of an idea for our stately homes. I cannot pretend to have given it even a casual consideration. Could I, perhaps, the owner of this historic place, even now recruit from my surviving friends and their children half-a-dozen families or a score of people of all ages who would re-people those charming, graceful rooms and preserve for another generation or more the culture and continuity of the house, re-create the ideal of the "ideal country house party" of the best period? Our new foundation need not be strictly monkish. On the contrary, we should wish to recruit the business man, the politician, the thinker, the public-minded. We should mix youth and age, and get the best out of both. Service to the house would be in cash and in kind. The busy industrialist or politician might solve his "week-end cottage" problem very happily in the West wing of my stately home. The lonely in town or country might be very glad to move to the more colourful existence of a country-house party. Craftsmen would be welcome and essential. The care of the gardens, the farms, the trees, the restoration of pictures, tapestries and furniture could fill the day and afford the individual means of service to the great house for many more. There is a job for you or me as librarian.

The ancient craft-lore which maintained these great houses, their stonework, brickwork, furniture, pictures and fabrics, is dying out. Some of it is already lost. It is no far-fetched ideal that one such old manor house might be peopled by surviving craftsmen and young apprentices maintaining its fabrics and supporting its finances by fees earned in the reparation of a hundred other such ancient buildings.

A lodge in the wilderness? A refuge from a cruel, strident, vulgar world? Neither the one nor the other, but something of each. A much-needed centre of influence, a new cradle of culture, a quiet place for thought, a trial ground for a classless society's right development.

If human nature could stand the strain, if class consciousness could be banished, if what is best in the monastic ideal could be married to the realities of this modern world.... The germ of the idea is there. It would be worth a trial. Perhaps, fortunately for me, my stately home of England is only a castle in Spain. But there are younger, more vigorous men who still own castles in England. To them I bequeath my idea. I am not convinced in advance that the problems of financing, staffing, feeding and preserving the great house and its policies are insoluble if this seed of an idea from Mount Athos be nurtured, developed and planted out.

THE ORNAMENTAL PONDS ABOVE THE LAKE AT BLENHEIM PALACE: The Duke of Marlborough, who opens Blenheim to the public, has decided to charge 5s. per head on Mondays during the coming season. On other days the charge is 2s. 6d. for adults, less for children. Monday, the Duke has decided, will be Connoisseurs' Day. By paying double patrons will not be "bustled about." Blenheim Park has a fine expanse of water, and among the many adornments in the grounds is a Temple of Diana built by Sir William Chambers. The park has an area of 2,500 acres and is approximately 12 miles in circuit.

SHUTE BARTON, KILMINGTON, A STATELY DEVON HOME WHICH MAY GO TO THE NATION: Shute Barton is the East Devon seat of the Pole family. A sum of £14,000 is needed for its preservation.

CHELTENHAM THRILLS AND SPILLS

A Great Race for the Gold Cup at the Ascot of Steeplechasing

Allowing that the Grand National is a race apart, a race over stiffer jumps than any other in the world, the Cheltenham Gold Cup must rank as the great steeplechasing classic for performers over park courses. Sometimes both races are won by the same horse, as witness the redoubtable Golden Miller, Miss Paget's 'chaser of happy memory. Now Miss Paget has another star performer, the brilliant Mont Tremblant, which scored a very easy victory in last week's Gold Cup. The finish was tame, but the rest of the race was a stern tussle, notably between Mont Tremblant, Knock Hard (fell two fences from home), E.S.B. (fell at last fence), and Shaef, who was handicapped throughout by bridal trouble. Mont Tremblant, bred in France, is trained by Fulke Walwyn, who is now the champion trainer "over the sticks" and who will always be remembered for his riding of Reynoldstown in the Grand National.

THE RACE FOR THE CHELTENHAM GOLD CUP : The field thundering through the heavy going after crossing a fence at about the half-way stage in last week's race for this coveted steeplechasing prize, which was won for the seventh time by one of Miss Dorothy Paget's horses, the winner being the six-year-old Mont Tremblant. The strongly-fancied Grand National candidate, Freebooter, came down, taking off very much too soon when approaching a fence.

E.S.B. COMES TO GRIEF AT THE LAST FENCE, AND JOCKEY SCUDAMORE IS THROWN CLEAR : E.S.B., rapidly tiring, came to the fence in company with Mont Tremblant. The latter blundered, but not badly, while the former hit the top of the fence heavily and came down. This left the gallant Shaef to take second place, but a long way behind Mont Tremblant. The last stages of the Gold Cup are always exacting, because the course lies uphill.

MONT TREMBLANT, IN THE SKILFUL HANDS OF D. V. DICK, CROSSES THE LAST FENCE WITHOUT MISHAP, ALTHOUGH BLUNDERING VERY SLIGHTLY : After this Mont Tremblant strode away up the hill to a storm of cheering to score Miss Dorothy Paget's seventh win in the Cheltenham Gold Cup. Mont Tremblant was bought in France as a four-year-old, and now at the age of six is reaching maturity.

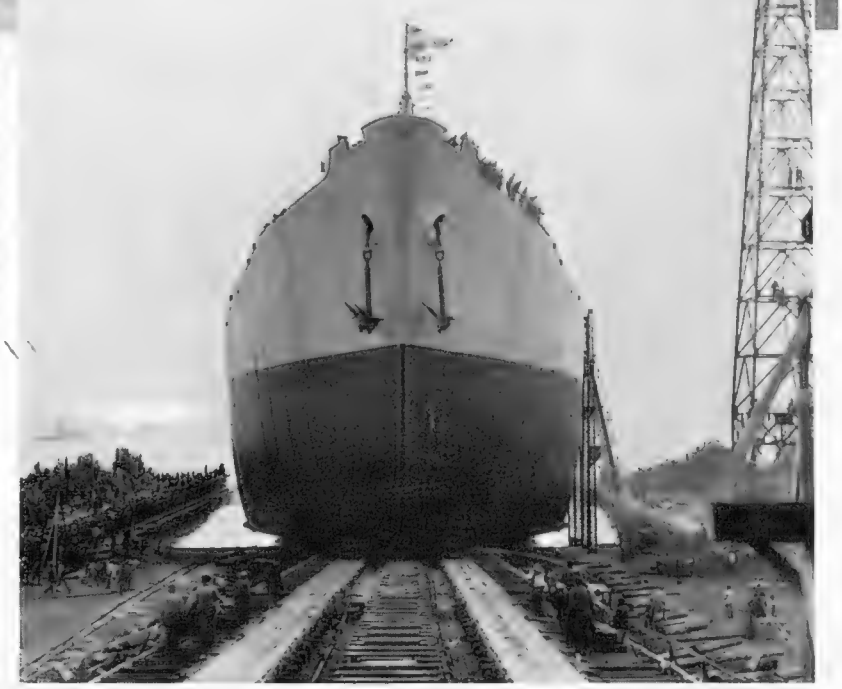
OUT WITH THE HOUNDS IN THE COTSWOLD STONE-WALL COUNTRY DURING THE CHELTENHAM GOLD CUP WEEK : The Master of the North Cotswold pack seen with the hounds after the recent meet at the Puesdown Inn, on the main London-Cheltenham Road. *On right*—A view of the large field which followed the pack to the first covert. Invariably during race weeks at Cheltenham the North Cotswold increases its following. The pack hunts over some of the best stone-wall country to be found anywhere in England.

THE AMERICAN BRIGANTINE "YANKEE" LEAVING CAPE TOWN TO CONTINUE HER ROUND-THE-WORLD CRUISE: When the *Yankee* left America in October 1950 the only member of her crew of eighteen men and two women who was an experienced sailor was Captain Irving Johnson, who had previously made four world voyages. Most of the crew are students, and all of them are now seasoned sailors. Besides Mrs. Johnson, the captain's wife, three other women joined the ship at the outset of the voyage. One of them, a policewoman, left at a South American port as she felt that she should return to the United States to release a man for Korea; another left after a lightning courtship in Singapore, where she married an American; and the third, Julie Pyle, has stayed on to become an old salt like the rest. On this voyage alone the *Yankee* has called at over eighty ports. She originally set her course through Panama on to the Galapagos Islands, to Pitcairn, Hawaii, Indonesia, Siam, Madagascar and Zanzibar. Nearly forty cameras have recorded aspects of the voyage, and a great many pictures above and below water have been sent back to the United States.

Ships and the Sea

THE CRUISE OF THE BRIGANTINE "YANKEE"

Britain and France Both Build Outsize Tankers—The "Bethsabee" Launched at St. Nazaire, the "British Talent" Runs Her Trials



THE LAUNCH OF THE "BETHSABEE": The 32,000-ton tanker going down the slipway at the Penhoet shipyard at St. Nazaire, France. She is one of the world's biggest tankers, and in the new tradition of outsize tanker-building for economical transport of fuel.

On left—

ANOTHER MONSTER TANKER BEGINS HER CAREER: The *British Talent*, of 28,500 tons, seen after the completion of her trials off the River Tyne. She has been built by R. and W. Hawthorn Leslie to the order of the British Tanker Company. The ship is of the single-deck type, with poop, centre-castle and forecastle, also raked stem and cruiser stern. She is powered by a single screw geared-turbine installation developing maximum power of 13,750 S.H.P. *British Talent* has been built under special survey for the carriage of petroleum in bulk. Her cargo space of ten main oil tanks is sub-divided into thirty separate cargo tanks.

THE NEW SURREY LOCK BRIDGE AT BERMONDSEY

IN ACTION : The old bridge across this lock, which leads into the Surrey Commercial Docks, was built nearly 100 years ago and was replaced after the lifting mechanism was damaged by the severe bombing of this part of London during the war. On Friday last week Viscount Waverley, chairman of the Port of London Authority, officially opened the new bridge by cutting a ribbon and leading the way across to the docks.

A NEW BRIDGE AT LONDON DOCKS

Replacing a Damaged Bridge That Could Not be Raised: it Reopens an Important Lock to Shipping

THE NEW BRIDGE AT ROAD-LEVEL : Two traffic gates at both ends close the road while the bridge is raised or in motion. The Port of London Authority is to be responsible for the operation and maintenance of the bridge.

A VIEW OF THE BALANCE END OF THE ROLLING LIFT BRIDGE : The operation of raising or lowering the massive steel structure takes three minutes under normal conditions. An electric motor of 50 h.p. is used for the task.

THE NEW BRIDGE SEEN FROM THE LOCKSIDE, WITH THE CONTROL HOUSE ON THE LEFT : After an interval of twelve years big sea-going vessels are again moving through this lock into the Surrey Commercial Docks. Roads leading to the bridge have been widened and improved for modern transport.

The Old Surrey Lock Bridge, a swing bridge built in 1858, with a winding approach, narrow and difficult for modern traffic to negotiate—lost its faculty for swinging as a result of one of the many bombs that fell in the Surrey Commercial Docks in September 1940. For twelve years it continued to serve as a road and footbridge, but it blocked an important access to the docks for all vessels except barges.

With the operation of the modern rolling lift bridge, which Lord Waverley, as chairman of the Port of London Authority, opened last week, the people of Bermondsey will again be able to observe the daily spectacle of sea-going ships on their way in and out of this dock entrance, and the heavy road traffic to and from the docks will flow more freely over very much improved approaches and a considerably wider carriageway. The fine balance in the designing of the bridge enables a single 50-h.p. electric motor to raise or lower its 720 tons in three minutes. Even against a 70-m.p.h. gale the job can be done in only a little more than that by coupling up a second similar motor. Incorporated in the main structure are 100 tons of cast-iron blocks from an old bridge across the river at Limehouse.

The cost of the bridge—£110,000—will be shared between the Ministry of Transport, the London County Council and the Port of London Authority. The Surrey Docks area is of considerable historic interest. King Canute is reputed to have cut a canal from hereabouts across to Battersea ; and what was probably the first storehouse of the Royal Navy was recently identified near by at Deptford.

The Sphere of Travel

HOLIDAYS ON WHEELS, BY CAR AND BY COACH: *In France, North Italy, Spain and Switzerland*

HOLIDAYS on wheels, whether they be in your own motor-car or as a passenger in a motor-coach, are becoming increasingly popular, and with good reason, for not only does this form of transportation bring you constant change of scene, but it also reduces considerably some of the minor hardships of travel abroad—which to some people means quite a lot. I know, of course, that the serious traveller tends to frown on " travel without tears " and mutters caustically about " sheep and their shepherd " and of " journeys in which the only labour involved consists in writing a cheque for a selected tour." But, as your holiday is entirely your own business, don't let the critics necessarily deter you in the matter.

Of course, many persons get just as much thrill and enjoyment in planning out their holiday as in the journey itself. Some of the information given in this article may, therefore, bring them useful ideas and suggestions.

Motorists will necessarily contact one of the motoring organisations regarding the formalities which must be conformed with in taking a car abroad. They may even wish to be given a recommended itinerary, including the latest information on such matters as the state of roads, the opening of mountain passes, and so on. Here, then, I am merely going to advise you do not over-plan your itinerary, such as fixing a date in advance, along with hotel bookings, for each night's destination. It is much more fun to be a free agent and to stop when and where you wish ; and you will almost invariably find that outside the main centres, even in mid summer, it is seldom difficult to get fixed up with accommodation, often in some attractive country hotel of your own choosing. Also, don't overdo the mileage, otherwise you miss much of the true joy of travel.

There are three extra tips I would give for those going to Spain : carry at least two spare wheels with you and a few essential spares, for distances are sometimes considerable between garages ; fill up with petrol whenever you get the chance, for sometimes the next petrol-station may be without a supply ; and, lastly, remember the magic word " mecanico," which, when uttered in some small town or village, will invariably produce the man who knows (perhaps !) how to help you in the case of car-trouble.

Motor-coach tours abroad can be divided into four categories :

(i) Completely conducted tours arranged by a British travel agency.

(ii) Circular tours in a specific country and organised by local companies.

(iii) Making use of links in international long-distance routes.

(iv) Choosing a centre, or centres, and then making your own arrangements for excursions.

There is very little I need say about (i). There are many travel agents who now offer these " package " or " All-in " tours, which usually set out on the road from a Channel port. After you have paid for your ticket everything is done for you. Each tour has its conductor to shepherd you. You travel with your own compatriots. There is no need to speak anything but English. You have no worries over hotel bills, tipping, etc. And you can decide for yourself whether this is the kind of foreign travel you desire.

Some of these conducted coach-tour firms offer their clients " free " suitcases, one provides " free " laundry—not a bad idea, either, if you are constantly on the move. Remember, however, that neither these baits nor the magnificence of an expensively produced brochure should necessarily mean the most satisfactory tour. You should satisfy yourself, before you book, regarding the standing of any particular firm ; and it is often cheapest in the long run to book with an organisation which is well-established. Their best advertisement is satisfied customers, so they don't rush you around trying to cover a maximum of ground in a minimum of time.

I remember last summer seeing in Milan at nine in the evening an exhausted party of British coach-tourists being unloaded at their hotel after having crossed the torrid North Italian plains from Venice, a city which they had " done " that same morning in a two-hour sightseeing tour. They were due to leave Milan the following morning for Zurich, after they had covered that city in an hour's inspection. I wonder, indeed, what sort of memories these people would have at the end of their holiday—addled, no doubt.

Now I come to the second category of tours : those arranged by local companies. In this case you normally proceed to the starting-point of a chosen tour by air or train, as the case may be. In most instances these circular tours can be booked and paid for in Britain, and a good travel agent should be able to advise you on how best to secure an itinerary that will make the smallest drain on your basic currency allowance ; for remember, the most distant point in your tour can quite often be reached and covered by permitted sterling expenditure. Again, on many of these tours there are available inclusive terms which embrace hotel accommodation and meals. You then know exactly how much spending money you will possess. But you can also, if you so desire, make your own arrangements for meals and lodging.

The outstanding examples of this kind of tour apply to Italy, France and Spain. In Italy there are circuits which are covered by the luxury motor-coaches of C.I.A.T., a branch of the Italian State Railways. On these circuits you can make stop-overs at will, and you can also confine your tour to any desired links in these circuits. This seems to me to be an ideal method of coach touring, while in addition you have as fellow-travellers people of many other lands. Incidentally, on each day's stage you are picked up in the morning and dropped in the evening at the hotel of your choice. You have also available the efficient services of the C.I.T. offices which are to be found in every Italian town and city.

The C.I.A.T. coach tours start and end at Milan, and calls are made at such cities as Rome, Naples, Venice, Florence, Pisa, Genoa, Bologna and Ravenna.

WHERE SPAIN AND FRANCE MEET : A motorist looking out on the Costa Brava, that fine stretch of Mediterranean coast which lies to the north of Barcelona. Here the traveller, if he so wishes and his purse so dictates, may live the simple life in something like comfort. The reason for this is that the Costa Brava is not easily reached by rail, its roads are not good, and until recent times it has boasted few foreign visitors. The more discerning of Barcelona's well-to-do citizens have built themselves houses there.

ONE OF THE A.T.E.S.A. MOTOR-COACHES : These luxurious coaches run on most attractive circuits in the peninsula, and on a bigger travel allowance they would no doubt appeal widely to British visitors.

At Milan the C.I.A.T. also have a day's tour of the lovely Italian lakes ; while another company, known as Autostradale, can take you on a half-day's tour to the marvellous Certosa of Pavia, which I strongly advise you not to miss. Full particulars of these and other tours can be obtained from C.I.T. (66-68, Haymarket, London, S.W.1), who can also arrange bookings.

In France similar tours can be planned by using the S.N.C.F motor services (controlled by the French Railways). Unfortunately, some of the best of these tours are not, under existing conditions, feasible for Britons, because of their cost. More fortunate readers should certainly consider the magnificent journey that can be made along the Pyrenees, between Biarritz and Carcassonne. There is also a fascinating circuit of Roc-Amadour and the Gorges of the Tarn, a part of France particularly renowned for its good food. Then there are various combinations of trips in Provence and in the French Alps which will repay the planner. You can likewise enjoy a five-day circuit of Corsica ; while S.N.C.F. also have tours which run from certain towns on the French Riviera into Italy. Consult your travel agent about these French motor-coach services, and if you want to work things out yourself try and get from him a copy of the current *Indicateur Tourisme*, issued by Chaix.

In Spain there are various motor-coach circuits, which are organised by the semi-official A.T.E.S.A. They are, indeed, most attractive, but they are also, alas, outside the bounds of the existing travel allowance. However, some readers may wish to get the descriptive booklet which can be obtained from travel agents or from the Spanish Tourist Office (70, Jermyn Street, London, S.W.1).

Many persons considering a motor-coach tour might find it well worth-while to consider the international services maintained by Linjebuss, a Swedish company. Their network embraces many countries in Western Europe, including Scandinavia, and the buses are unexcelled for comfort and service. You can book independent sections of the itineraries, while there are also inclusive tours. Stop-overs can be arranged if desired. The London agents of Linjebuss are A. Johnson and Co., Ltd., Africa House, Kingsway, London, W.C.2.

My fourth category is chiefly designed for those who would prefer to explore a particular countryside from a centre. In the French Pyrenees, Lourdes is probably as good a centre as any. On the French Riviera, I would name Cannes, Nice and Menton. You could, of course, stay in some near-by smaller resort if you wished. In the Dolomites, there is Bolzano, which I would commend during July and August, when such magnificent passes as the Stelvio and the Pordoi can be traversed by S.A.D. coaches.

It is Switzerland, however, which is the paradise for the centre-tourer. Meiringen (for Central Switzerland), Sion (for the Valais), Lugano (for the Ticino and Northern Italy), and St. Moritz (for the Grisons) are my pick. You travel by the amazingly efficient Swiss post-buses, and by the purchase in Britain of a Swiss holiday ticket, obtain a 50 per cent. reduction on fares. To my mind, this is the ideal way of getting to see this lovely land. The Swiss National Tourist Office (458, Strand, London, W.C.2) can provide all the free literature you can possibly need to give you hours of the most delectable planning.

Gordon Cooper

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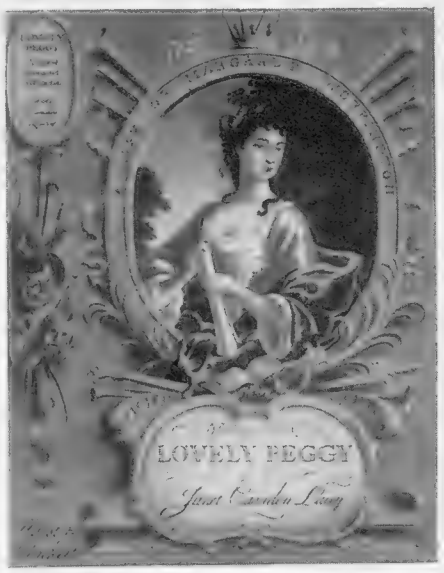
The World of Books—By VERNON FANE

AND NOW A YOUTHFUL HORNBLOWER

Some Early Adventures of the Sea Dog Whom the English-speaking People Have Taken to Their Hearts

"THERE has to be a first time," as people are apt to say with a kind of gloomy philosophy, and so, I suppose, less gloomily one might say that there has to be a first Hornblower novel for a new reader. For those who years ago knew this magnificent creation of Mr. C. S. Forester's, Hornblower will always be the captain of a ship of the line, or a naval peer. They may find Mr. Forester's later novels tracing the sailor's earlier career less interesting or less exciting, but for those who are beginning to trace that career now, there are two novels to serve as an introduction, of which the latest is LIEUTENANT HORNBLOWER (Michael Joseph. 12s. 6d.). I find that I am writing of this character as if the author were his biographer rather than his inventor, but there is some excuse for that, which Constant Readers will recognise.

The present book, which, I should say, could be read with great enjoyment and satisfaction by beginners either in the saga or in the story of the Royal Navy's part in the Napoleonic Wars, is concerned with the exploits of his Majesty's man-o'-war *Renown*, carrying 500 tons of artillery and bound from England on a south-westerly course across the Atlantic. Hornblower is a junior lieutenant, Bush, in later adventures to be his staunch, solid foil, another lieutenant, and the captain a madman from whom the command will rightly pass in the heat of Caribbean battles. As ever, this writer tells an exciting story with admirable tension and spirit, and succeeds in convincing the most land-lubberly of his readers that they now know a very great deal about the strict hierarchy observed in a naval vessel of the 1800's, the proper terms for referring to that ship's equipment, and the regulation terms in which the ship's company is addressed.



A NEW BIOGRAPHY OF THE IDOL OF THE LONDON AND DUBLIN STAGE IN THE DAYS OF GARRICK : This is the attractive dust-jacket designed by Philip Gough for Janet Camden Lucey's *Lovely Peggy* (Hurst and Blackett. 18s.). Much has been written about Peg Woffington in the past, but this is one of the first connected narratives giving all known details of her public and private life

THE ADVERSARIES (Heinemann. 15s.) has something of the imprint of an historical or a biographical novel, without settling too rigidly into either category. There lived in France, between the years 1811 and 1832, the boy, Evariste Galois, whose brief sum of written work, sixty pages in all, has been a legacy affecting the science of mathematics to our own days. He was still a boy when he was killed in a duel, the reasons for which were obscure but which certainly had some connection with young Evariste's political faith. In his own day, and far ahead of it, he was a revolutionary who divided his hatred between the Jesuits and the reactionaries. Mr. John Sommerfield's hero has much in common with this figure, short of a positive and absolute identification, and the story told in these pages is none the less moving because it does not happen to be a photostatic copy of an actual series of historical incidents.

At least three of the novels this week have a mood of convinced, almost relentless domesticity, which I have never considered the ideal mood for a piece of fiction, but which can bring pleasant surprises in its train—though a local train, at best. First of all, there is CHANGE OF AIR (Hodder and Stoughton. 12s. 6d.), which inevitably recalls an early novel of Mr. R. C. Sherriff's but suffers very little in the comparison. Mrs. Gwenllian Meyrick also writes about a short holiday spent at an English south coast resort in which bathing plays an important part, and there are walks along the sands, occasional picnics on the downs, and enthusiastic childish discoveries of smelly little seashells. The story is quietly told with no single effect of speech or description out of key, and since it makes no claims to impressing the reader, the only criticism might be that the author has taken rather too determined a line with the blackness or whiteness of her personages, barely allowing them a shading of pale or dark grey. This, of course, is because Mrs. Meyrick has a point to prove, and that seems to be that children may best be brought up by parents who have liberal tendencies if not liberal incomes, and that children again are not necessarily naughtier for having to use their own minds and initiatives. Personally, I enjoyed this book down to the last grain of sand.

NINE DAYS WITH EDWARD (Macmillan. 11s. 6d.) is another exercise in much the same manner, although Mr. Rupert Croft-Cooke has elected to introduce the weightier question of social changes in English life during the past sixty years. His hero is a man of the kind loosely known as typical, growing up in a comfortable, ugly, Surrey home and later acquiring just such another for himself. His mother has been an ineffectual, suburban *poseuse*, his father a prosperous suburban amorist. He himself marries a girl of unusual good sense, who gives him three nice children and remains on good terms both with him and with them. Pleasant and unremarkable, as seen through the author's device of taking a representative day at roughly seven-year intervals in the man's life, but significant, too, in that the story is intended to show the world changing round an unchanging little character. Mr. Croft-Cooke's plan is perhaps a little too ambitious for its framework, which sags from time to time, but on the whole it is an agreeable novel, and Edward a genuinely sympathetic figure

An ordinary mother living in more or less ordinary circumstances with her son who, at least on introduction, appears to be a normal little boy, are the chief protagonists of Miss Joanna Cannan's new novel, AND ALL I LEARNED (Gollancz. 10s. 6d.). London's suburbia is the setting and the woman, whose husband has left her for a number of excellent reasons, is one of those people who "like things nice," speak vaguely but continually of germs, and combine stupidity and obstinacy with an outward appearance of perfect amiability. She spoils her son to a neurotic degree, and it is soon apparent that this novel is, in fact, a study of at least one of the causes of juvenile delinquency. From a childhood largely spent in tying worms into knots and torturing cats, the boy graduates to more ingenious crimes, and finally runs over and kills his mother with the new motor-bicycle she has given him, as a bribe to go back to school. This could have been a bitter book. As it is, the novel has all the more astringent aspects of a cautionary tale.

I know of few authors who set a more recognisable imprint on their works than Mr. Claude Houghton. THE ENIGMA OF CONRAD STONE (Collins. 10s. 6d.) is by no means reminiscent in plot of his earlier novels, but nevertheless it has certain signs, which make the attribution unmistakable. The hero, Stone, is already dead by the time the main narrative, and the exposition of his virtues, begin. He has been a celebrated criminologist and has known a great variety of people, each of whom falls with a fairly definite thud into Mr. Houghton's pigeon-holes of saints and sinners, and the fact that the author is rather more tolerant of the sinners than the saints is another worldly but sympathetic hall-mark. This Stone dies, ostensibly as a suicide, and a young man and a girl, both grateful to his memory for their several reasons, set about discovering the causes of his death, and its manner. The story may err on the side of solemnity, but is at the same time impressive in its measured, yet not unemotional way.

THE CHOCOLATE COBWEB (Peter Davies. 9s. 6d.) is less of a detective story than an old-fashioned thriller (before such a term existed) of the le Fanu school. This is only the second novel of Charlotte Armstrong's that I have read, but it is already easy to appreciate in her a writer of merit in this particular genre. Her method so far is not to mystify but to allow the reader to see the actual initiation of the tragedy, or the crime, and to follow the guilty person from there ; sitting on the sidelines, as it were, seeing every move and understanding its motive, but powerless to do anything about it. What Charlotte Armstrong makes of each of her readers, in fact, is that well-known character, the Innocent Bystander. It is a clever literary trick and she plays it to advantage.

As for Mr. H. J. Kaplan's novel, ANYWHERE ELSE (Secker and Warburg. 12s. 6d.), that is something else again. It has a real idea behind it, and one that readers will appreciate : a man's sudden but overwhelming conviction that the moment has come to discover for himself what kind of man, essentially, he is. The pilgrimage takes Mr. Kaplan's American hero from a Paris conference table to a Montparnasse restaurant, from there to the river, and finally to a scrofulous attic in the most ancient and dilapidated hotel in Paris, with an armed madman waiting outside the door. If it were not for Mr. Kaplan's more than overexuberant writing, this would be an exciting book.

From a Royal Naval aircraft-carrier during the war a flight of four fighter planes take off on an operational exercise. While they are away the carrier is attacked and damaged so that they cannot land upon their return. Mr. John Joly in CORAL CIRCUS (Cassell. 10s. 6d.) tells how their leader finds an uncharted coral island within their petrol range, conveniently equipped with a landing-strip, and a hut full of drums of petrol, but little else except the omnipresent and ever-encroaching jungle. Like Caliban, they find the isle is full of noises and the weaker ultimately succumb. Only the leader eventually survives, apparently to convince their Lordships of the Admiralty of his improbable story. The reader, who will rightly be absorbed in Mr. Joly's command of technical detail and in the fate of these young men, may be compelled to join their Lordships in a sceptical view of the love-interest.

MURDER AS BIG BUSINESS

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For those who ponder from afar the mysteries of the transatlantic way of life here is a volume of the most truly terrible implications, a record of mob-rulership, of the establishment and organisation of a national crime cartel on a scale that reduces to insignificance the bootlegging and narcotic rackets of Al Capone in his Chicago heyday. It is the story of one branch of the dark confederacy of the United States underworld, with its capital in Brooklyn, almost a national dictatorship which levied tribute for well-nigh a decade on virtually every ordinary citizen, bleeding legitimate business and the ranks of the labour unions, extorting here, there and everywhere with machine-like precision. The strong-arm section of this fantastic organisation, an organisation spreading like a cancer within the body of the American democracy, was Murder Incorporated, the all-powerful syndicate which allotted spheres of influence to the gangsters and employed its private army of picked killers, professionals who worked on a salaried basis for no one but the Syndicate. masters of the "big business" of extermination. One of the men who brought some of these exterminators to justice a decade ago is Burton B. Turkus, Assistant District Attorney in New York, and with Sid Feder he is the author of MURDER, INC. (Gollancz. 16s.), an account of three of the major trials which he conducted and of all that the trials revealed about this macabre ring of killers. Turkus achieved his success in large measure because Kid Twist Reles, reputedly the toughest of all the Brooklyn gangsters chose to turn State's evidence, bargaining for complete personal immunity in exchange for all he knew about the United States crime network. Once Reles started talking he kept it up for twelve days. He made the bank robbers and the kidnappers look like mischievous boys tying tin cans to little dogs' tails as he described just how murder was apportioned upon a nation-wide scale. Nothing could be more revealing than the chapter on the Californian killing of Big Greenie, whose death was dictated from New York by Lepke (the top-line gangster whom Turkus eventually sent to the electric chair). Apparently the task of liquidating Big Greenie was entrusted to a certain Mr. Sholem, who was on one of his periodic vacations. Under mob law, however, Mr. Turkus explains, "when a contract comes up a visiting trigger is on call to the local Syndicate director in whatever town he may be." How Sholem walked out on the job, because of a difference on technical grounds with the Californian mob overlord, how he was pursued to New York and arraigned before the "kangaroo court," the Syndicate tribunal, are all revelations which indicate the broad-based, seemingly permanent character of the American crime structure. It is this evidence of underworld law-giving that the reader will no doubt find most deeply alarming in a book which combines the attributes of a high-speed thriller and a social document and is at once an indictment of twentieth-century civilisation in one part of the English-speaking world

Turning from grave to gay, a warm welcome goes out to Herbert van Thal's selections from EDWARD LEAR'S JOURNALS (Arthur Barker. 21s.). Lear, whose nonsense verse has eclipsed all his other writings just as it also eclipsed his pretensions as an artist, was an ardent traveller and wrote with wit and style about his journeyings in Albania, Greece Calabria, Corsica and other parts of the world. Mr. van Thal has had a hard task deciding what to omit, so well-knit was Lear's original narrative, and it may well be that this is the forerunner of another volume.

In MERRY GENTLEMEN (T. Werner Laurie. 30s.) Rowland Watson has produced what he calls a Bacchanalian Scrapbook. It is really a sequel to the same author's *Scrapbook of Inns*, but the focus has changed. Where previously the author dwelt on the inns and hostelries of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, now he introduces some of the people, famous and unknown, who then drank deep. With discriminating gusto he has created his anthology from unusual sources and has chosen many delightful prints and pictures to adorn the happily mellow text.

Two illustrated books of special interest are THE SHAKESPEARE COUNTRY (George Allen and Unwin. 42s.), an admirable volume of photographs by Alfred Furness, and A PICTORIAL HISTORY OF THE MOVIES (George Allen and Unwin. 25s.), by Deems Taylor, Marcelene Peterson, and Bryant Hale. For thousands of cinema-lovers this cavalcade of film development will beyond doubt revive nostalgic memories, of the days even before Chaplin was a power in filmland. The captions beneath the pictures provide an admirable running commentary covering a period of very nearly half a century

A volume for the connoisseur and at a price markedly reasonable for the value offered is CHINESE COLOUR PRINTS (Allen and Unwin. 21s.), being some examples of the art of black-and-white wood-block printing which has existed in China since the ninth century, and of the later art of polychrome wood-block printing. The author, Jan Tschichold, points out in his text accompanying the pictures that even in our own day there are colour printers of the old school in China whose skill and craftsmanship are not inferior to those of the workmen of the late Ming and of the early Ch'ing periods.

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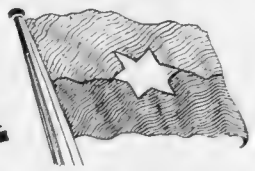

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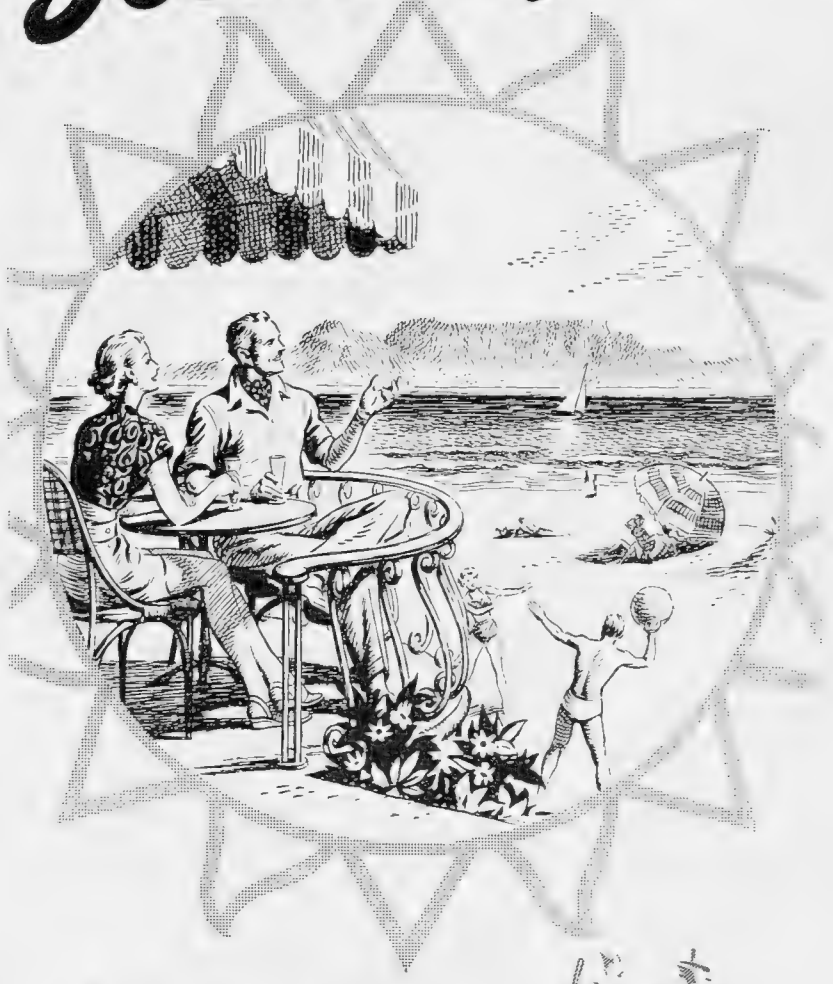

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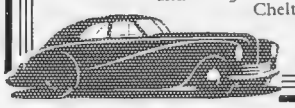

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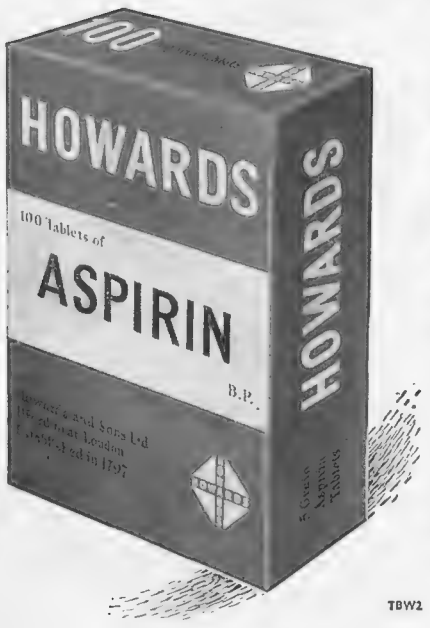

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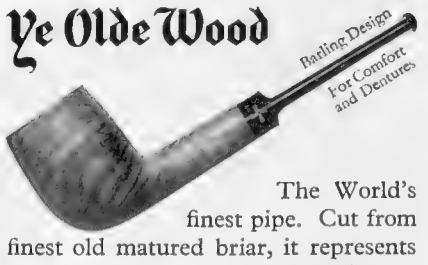

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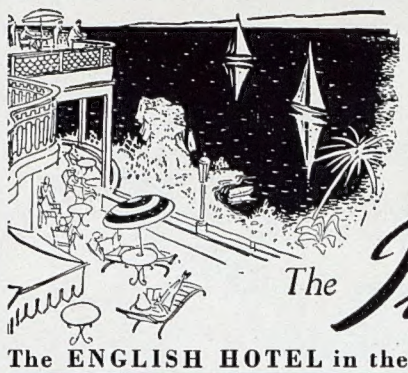

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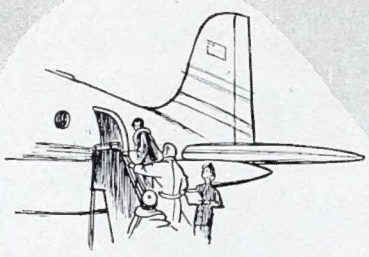
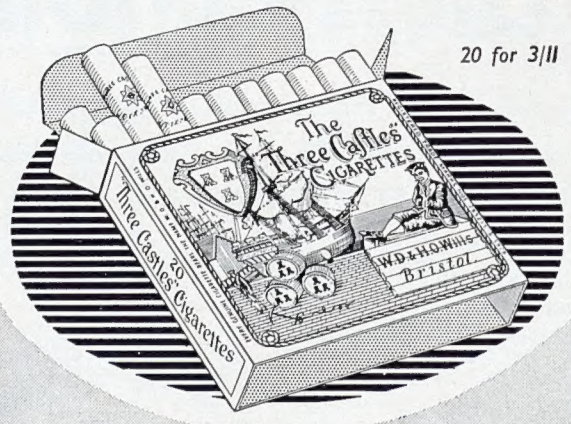


"You DID bring the THREE CASTLES?"

As if he'd forget! It is just common-sense to buy the cigarettes both like so very much—THREE CASTLES. It is no flight of fancy to say they're supremely good cigarettes—everyone has always thought so.



20 for 3/11

The **"THREE CASTLES"** *Cigarettes*

Made by W. D. & H. O. Wills, Branch of The Imperial Tobacco Co. (of Great Britain & Ireland), Ltd. TT248L

This England . . .

River Waveney, Norfolk

WONDERFULLY changeless are certain rivers. In those shallows which the cattle wade, the Roman would recognise the ford he fought for long ago. The angler finds his ancient pleasure tranquil as when Izaak Walton commended fishing as a recreation for clergymen. And still the exploring boy or man finds each unfolding reach a new adventure. So too for each remains the crowning reward of peaceful or strenuous days, the great beer of England unchanging in its goodness since Worthington was first bottled close on two centuries ago.

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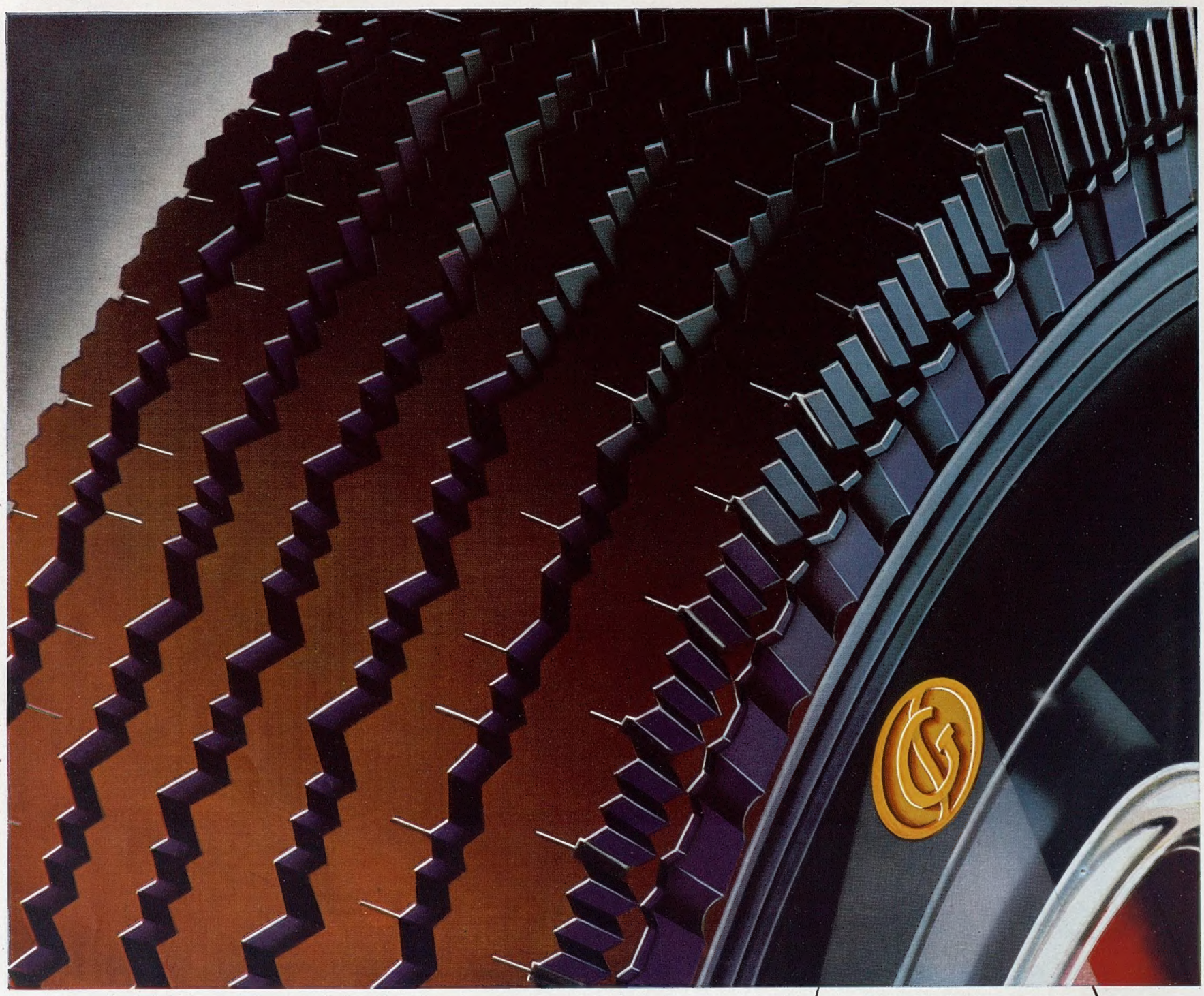

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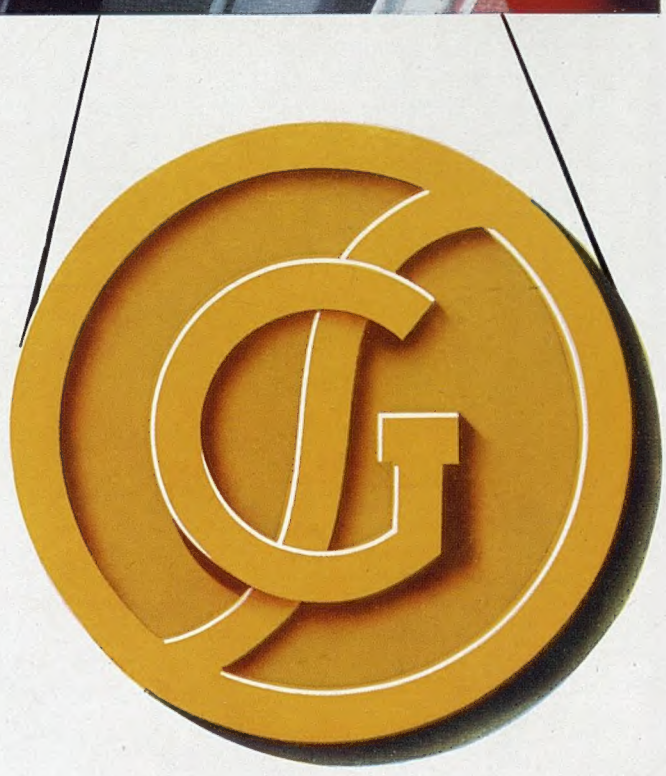

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